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The Week

ECONOMICS to the rescue is the order of the day in European international affairs. Politically it was impossible for the western powers to have any relations with Soviet Russia. Capitalism and communism could meet theoretically only in war, and neither could afford war. Politically the problem of the relations between Germany and her conquerors was insoluble. Germany could not pay the charges imposed upon her and France could not consent to lightening those charges. Germany could not accept the control over her domestic affairs implied in the proposals of the Reparations Commission. Such control infringed upon her sovereign rights. France could not be content with less. Any yielding on this point weakened the foundations of the Treaty of Versailles, according to political theory. But in spite of politics it was found possible to talk business, if not to conclude business, with Russia, when systems and principles were thrust into the background by the discussion of loans, exports and imports, and concessions. In like manner, the discussion of a loan is putting a new face on the German problem. There are a good many matters that the Germans would not consent to discuss before that prove entirely capable of discussion now when a loan comes within the range of possibility.

BEHIND the political systems of nations lie economic interests, quiescent in normal times but irresistible when political mismanagement becomes intolerable. To the vast majority of men food, clothing and housing, employment and business are realities of far more compelling importance than any systems or theories. The Russian government was the first to incur the pressure of economics, or at any rate the first to recognize it. The compromises it has been forced to accept under this pressure cut far deeper than any compromise a western government will have to make. Next after the Russians the British exhibit the greatest readiness to subordinate political traditions to economic necessity. The explanation is simple. England's position as a great power, and even her very life, depend upon the skill of her statesmen in maintaining a favorable commercial and economic environment. Italy and Germany come next in their degree of dependence upon economic statecraft; self-sufficient France comes last. But there is not one European government which can afford to pursue political objectives in ruthless disregard of economic consequences.

RUMORS of a revolution to overthrow the Obregon government may safely be discounted, since the head of the revolutionary movement is Felix Diaz, whose only qualifications for leadership are dynastic. Everything Felix Diaz lays his hand on fails. The claims of the Hapsburgs are not so illusory as the claims of the Diaz heir. But whether the Diaz movement is doomed to failure or not, its existence is a source of uneasiness in Mexico. At any time it may assume the form of open rebellion, destroying thousands of lives and inflicting enormous economic injury. If that hap-

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pens it will be in order for our government to wash its hands. For it is the failure of our government to recognize Obregon which puts heart into every revolutionary movement. It is worth observing that Felix Diaz promises to restore the Constitution of 1857, under which adventurers from the United States ranged freely through the natural resources of Mexico. Diaz presumes that we would present no obstacles to the functioning of such a government as the restored Cientificos would give.

READERS of the New York World on Friday, May 26th, read what the World introduced as Lloyd George's "speech in full." Either the columns that followed were not the complete speech, or those parts of the New York Times' report of the speech which did not appear in the World were invented. This latter supposition we may reject. The World's "full" report omitted an interesting and cynical passage in which Mr. Lloyd George—here we rely on the Times—quoted the help given by France to the Royalist party in England at Cromwell's time, and the assistance later given by England to the "anti-revolutionary party in France," neither of which interventions were followed by claims for damages, as precedent for the invalidity of Russia's claims for damages done by Kolchak and Wrangel.

BESIDES this omission, there was some discrepancy in another passage. The Times' quotation reads:

> The Russian leaders are men of exceptional ability and they are men with knowledge of the outside world. However much they communicate of it to the outside world, they know . . . perfectly well . . . that they are not going to get credit in the West upon a basis of confiscation and repudiation of debt.

The World's report of the same passage is as follows:

> The Russians are men of exceptional ability. They are men with knowledge of the outside world—however much of it they communicate to their followers, they certainly know it themselves—and they know perfectly well they are not going to get credit . . . etc.

The World's version implies that the Russians fool their followers. The Times version says something quite different, and it is obviously the correct one. How did all this happen to the World's "speech in full"? We hope nothing worse than sloppy reporting or bad editing is responsible.

SECRETARY MELLON seems to have advanced the following solution for our railroad troubles: Apply the methods of the Washington Conference to the transportation problem, with the agreement that for five years, or more, federal regulation shall entirely cease. This proposed bargain seems scarcely a two-sided one. It would have little parallel with the Conference; it would be more in the nature of a moratorium than a mutual agreement. Suppose we apply this amiable project of a moratorium to another sphere, and declare that for five years there will be a moratorium on the prosecution of bootleggers. There is considerable disorder in the regulation of both these businesses, and it is possible that in five years they would, if left to themselves, work out a scheme of regulation more suited to their needs. Secretary Mellon's proposal is not only a curious specimen of economic thought, it is also a strange bit of political miscalculation. One of the last things the people of this country will stand for is presenting the railroads with a free pass toward their own prosperity at the expense of the prosperity of everybody else, and a party one of whose leaders thinks such a course possible is blind indeed.

WE ask everyone who thought that the whole truth about the killings at Centralia was that the seven I. W. W.'s were murderers, and as such justly convicted, to consider the recent sequel of that case. Now three of the jurors in that trial have come forth with some startling affidavits. One of them swears that a trial ballot taken before discussion began showed the jury unanimously in favor of acquittal. Further, this juror, E. E. Torpen, believes "that if these men had not been affiliated with the I. W. W. they never would have been convicted of the crime." Another juror, Sweitzer, said that he emphatically believed that there had been a plot to raid the I. W. W. hall, adding: "If I knew that somebody was going to raid my home I'd go into the barn, get a gun and shoot hell out of them." It is evident that the verdict was rendered under the high pressure of local hysteria, and now that the hysteria is more or less over, the truth peers from its hiding place.

WHEN Dr. Hibben said that the United States ought to take a larger "and more personal" share in the world's affairs, one was scarcely prepared for the description that followed of what he takes a "personal" attitude toward other nations to be. We must, in his view, "bring our fist down on the council table in Europe." The fist should not, of course, be mailed, for other nations have tried punching with such an instrument of "personality" and failed miserably. But a fist none the less. We suggest a slogan for a parade, to be led by Dr. Hibben carrying a mace: "A

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bigger and better fist for Uncle Sam." This cheerful talk about fists is only the more general part of what Dr. Hibben feels about the necessity for our taking part in European affairs. More specifically he suggests that if we were represented abroad, "the United States might take Russia by the throat, if necessary, and show her that she has got to have an international mind and an international heart." Have a heart, Russia, have an international heart such as Dr. Hibben wishes ours to be, a heart which knows how to take a personal grip on other people's throats, a heart which is also a fist.

THE reduction in railway wages and its effect upon the spirit of workers is one of many proofs of the defectiveness of our price system. When prices trend upward wages have to go up; when prices trend downward wages have to come down, but in neither case is the adjustment made without struggle, friction and discontent. If we lack the inventive capacity or the political courage to grapple with the general problem of price stabilization, can we not at least free limited categories of employment from the baneful influence of changes in living costs? During the war there were private concerns ingenious enough to solve the problem. On the basis of pre-war wages they paid a "cost of living bonus," which automatically rose and fell with prices. It would be entirely practicable to establish in a vital public service like the railway industry a scheme of payments automatically adjusted every fortnight to living costs. That would not solve the general problem of railway wages. The underlying basis of distribution between labor and capital would still remain open to discussion. But there would be no need of periodic struggles merely to keep wages somewhere near the cost of living level.

The Future of the League of Nations

> Of all the achievements of Paris the League of Nations was the greatest in conception and the least satisfactory in execution. *The Round Table for March, 1922.*

IN the May issue of Our World, Mr. George Wickersham, one of the most sincere and intelligent Republican supporters of American participation in the counsels of Europe, describes what he considers to be the best possible relationship which in the future the United States can occupy with respect to the League of Nations. He dismisses as politically impossible for the present any further agitation on behalf of full membership in the League for the United States. He dismisses as no less impossible the substitution for the existing League of a new and different general association of nations. But he sees no reason why the American government without joining the League should not participate in its special activities. Permanent commissions of the League are studying many phases or problems of intercourse among nations which seem to call for administrative regulation by international agreement. American representatives should, he thinks, serve on these special commissions and the American government might and in certain cases should enter into these special agreements.

With the last of Mr. Wickersham's suggestions the New Republic fully agrees. The desirability of cooperating or not cooperating in the work of these special commissions rests upon a group of political considerations very different from those which kept the United States from becoming a full member of the League. The commissions are dealing with objects of public policy which most civilized nations have already accepted in their domestic legislation, and they are seeking the better accomplishment of these objects by means of some measure of international regulation and administration. The refusal by the American government to share in these humane works because the American nation has decided not to assume the responsibilities of becoming a full member of the League is not statesmanlike consistency. It resembles rather the stupid and fearful superstition of the savage. It is equivalent to treating any plan which originates with the League of Nations as the emanations of a bad spirit which provokes the pious barbarian to howl and taboo.

Mr. Wickersham's other suggestions do not seem to us so entirely acceptable. We agree with him, indeed, as to the futility of contesting any more elections upon the question of membership by the United States in the existing League. If the friends of the League try to give further political vitality to that political issue, they will postpone rather than accelerate the coming of a closer political and economic relationship between the United States and Europe. Mr. Wickersham is, in our opinion, equally right in dismissing the idea of substituting for the existing League another association of nations which was intended to accomplish the same purpose. But agreement with Mr. Wickersham in these limited respects does not, as he assumes, close the discussion. In relation, for instance, to another association of nations, he does not recognize how far the Genoa Conference implied the birth of new associations of nations. It was called to consider many grave questions of in-

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ternational policy with which the League of Nations ought to deal but with which it is disqualified from dealing by its inability, without undergoing a radical reconstitution, to admit Germany and Russia into its deliberations as equals. The special conference does not on this account promise to furnish a better substitute for the League of Nations, but it does serve to supplement its deficiencies. There will continue for many years to be grave questions of international policy which can be considered more conveniently by conferences such as those which have assembled at Washington and Genoa.

In the end these conferences will probably be absorbed by the League of Nations or become intimately associated with it. But they will not be absorbed by the League unless the constitution of the League is modified and its organization loosened up. The friends of the League should recognize that the practical exclusion of the League from Genoa, in spite of the extent to which the agenda of the Genoa Conference included questions with which a League of Nations ought to deal, was not due to enmity to the League on the part of Mr. Lloyd George. He needed for his present purpose a looser and more flexible association. The rigidity and unwieldiness of the organization of the League forced him to improvize a conference which raised fewer obstacles to the immediate formation of a European concert. The friends of the League do not, as it seems to us, attach enough importance to the disabilities from which the League suffers as a consequence of its constitution and composition. If these disabilities are not removed, a succession of conferences, like Washington and Genoa, may bring into existence a permanent organization which will provide a substitute for the existing League rather than a supplement to it.

There is an interesting discussion of this question in the March issue of the Round Table which it is worth while briefly to summarize. The League of Nations cannot, it says, do all the work sometimes expected of it. A great deal of international business, perhaps the larger part of it, must be done in conferences of lesser dimensions. The achievements of the Washington Conference would have been impossible at Geneva. The procedure would have been too elaborate and the number of persons present too large. The League of Nations is no less ill-adapted for the settlement of purely European questions. Non-European states naturally and properly shy off from entangling themselves in the internal problems of Europe. The reverse is no less true. Europe will certainly not allow its affairs to be settled even in part by American or Asiatic powers which are obliged to assume little or no responsibility for the consequences. The League of Nations is a world association and is suited only for the consideration of business which affects all the world. But the immediate international problems most likely to occasion war in the future are those which affect chiefly special regions like the Pacific or Europe.

Since the armistice the Supreme Council has acted as the effective governing body of Europe. Its effectiveness was derived from the presence upon it of the responsible heads of certain European governments, and from its ability to meet at short notice and without elaborate formalities and to act without consulting less interested or uninterested governments. Its defect has been that its members included only the victors in the war and that it had no policy except the vain attempt to execute the Treaty. But when these defects threatened to produce intolerable results, Mr. Lloyd George developed it not in the direction of the League of Nations but in the direction of a Pan-European conference. The refusal of the United States to attend the conference was, according to the Round Table, perfectly sound. The task of uniting and restoring Europe, like the task of pacifying the western Pacific, can be and should be achieved only by those directly concerned dealing directly with one another. For the peaceful adjustment of world affairs two different processes are necessary. First regional ad hoc conferences which will discuss and appease the problems of Europe or Pan-America or the Pacific and which will consist only of the powers directly concerned. Such conferences ought to be called by the League of Nations, though they should not be meetings of the League. Secondly the League of Nations, relieved of its local functions, ought to become avowedly a world organization. It is only by disinteresting itself in local tangles and quarrels and achieving a world character that all the great powers, notably the United States, Germany and Russia will join it.

In our opinion the Round Table's suggestion of the future function of the League of Nations looks in the right direction. If the League is to survive as the custodian of those political and economic interests which all the peoples will agree to discuss and administer in common, it must leave room for regional association which will take over the most troublesome and contentious part of the work of international appeasement. The existence and the activity of these regional associations and their relationship to the League of Nations will raise some extremely difficult and doubtful questions to which the Round Table does not refer but the promise of future difficulties should not be used as a suffi-

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cient excuse for disparaging these supplementary regional conferences as a permanent part of the organization of peace. For the present regional conferences are more effective agencies of appeasement than any general League of Nations is capable of being. They tend to remove the obstacles which local quarrels and antipathies raise against the establishment of an effective universal League of Nations. The friends of the League in this country will, we hope, recognize in time that the quickest way to promote membership by the United States in the League is to seek changes in the function and constitution of the League rather than changes in American public opinion. It is the work accomplished at Genoa or at some future Pan-European conference which will remove the most serious obstacles to full American participation in the League. The formation of an operative European concert would not only begin the regeneration of Europe but it would render possible alterations in the structure and function of the League, which would permit all the advocates of international peace and goodwill in the United States to join a campaign on behalf of their country's cooperation.

Lloyd George's Russian Policy

> It was easier to settle these matters in practice than in principle. If you say to them 'You must accept this principle,' they reply: 'No, we cannot. That's a sacred doctrine of the revolution.' But if you say to them, 'Well, now, what about that property—will you restore it?' they say, 'Well, that is another matter.' *Lloyd George's speech in the House of Commons, May 25th.*

THAT is the Russian situation, as Lloyd George sees it. The Russian government is a real government, in the view of Lloyd George, and in that of the British Parliament, which would not have voted 235 to 26 to sustain him if it had regarded the premises of his policy as false. It is an oligarchic government, representing the small urban proletariat and dependent upon the proletariat for support. The rural masses are indifferent. But no matter, the government remains firmly in the saddle and no one can deal with the Russian people except through it.

The Soviet government rests upon certain principles. They are, in Lloyd George's opinion, injurious principles. Nevertheless, those principles have to be observed by the leaders if the government is to survive. They cannot be bartered away for anything that might be offered Russia in return. But practice is another matter. Practice is the natural habitat of compromise. There is no property right of importance to foreign trade which cannot be got out of Russia, in return for what the Russians consider a fair equivalent. The Russians must be permitted to call themselves communists, if they wish to do so. They must retain formal control of all property, in order to maintain the integrity of their system. What are these matters of formal principle to the Englishman? It is in practice that he wishes to sell goods and buy them, to operate factories and mines and oil wells yielding a profit for him. The Englishman wants to do business and so does the Russian. Neither side is deluded by the myth current in America about the impossibility of profitable relations between a capitalist and a communist society. What both are concerned with are the practical terms upon which relations may be conducted.

If such terms can be agreed upon England will do business with Russia. The effect of Lloyd George's speech is to proclaim this fact to the governments of Europe in preparation for the conference at the Hague. He makes it entirely clear what the nature of the terms will be. On the Russian side there must be an acknowledgment of debts and of the right of alien property holders to compensation. On the Allied side there must be a moratorium, and some grant of credits. Each party will seek to give as little as possible for what it wishes to receive. Lloyd George's speech warns the Russians not to be too exacting. But at the same time it is a warning to France and Belgium that British arrangements will not be held up on grounds of barren principle. The warning is the more effective because Lloyd George will enter the negotiation with a practically united Parliament behind him.

But will not the Russians again prove difficult, as in their note of May 11th, thus making a definite arrangement impracticable? Read between the lines, Lloyd George's speech suggests that the Russians were reasonably near an agreement when the revolutionary sentiments in Moscow, which might be expected to seethe around May 1st, forced them to assume an irreconcilable attitude. The implication is that the Russians may shortly be expected to come to their senses. Lloyd George also intimates that there ought to be no very grave difficulty in bringing about the restoration of alien owned properties to the virtual control of their former owners, since the Russians are eager to put those properties in the hands of any persons who can run them.

There are then no insuperable obstacles to an agreement between the British and Russians. And there are powerful reasons on both sides, Lloyd George points out, for working out an agreement.

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The Soviet government is driven by its consciousness that without aid from abroad economic recovery will be a matter of a generation. The British government recognizes that any needless delay in Russian recovery is at the cost of British trade and industry. But more than that, a pariah Russia together with an embittered Germany represents a grave menace to European peace. On this point Lloyd George will appear alarmist to most Americans. But it is worth reflecting on his distinction between Germany's capacity to re-equip Russia for peace and her capacity to re-equip Russia for war. With all the aid Germany could give, Russia would still be inferior in equipment to the western powers. But she could become a terrible menace to the border states, to which France and England stand in some sort of relation as guarantors.

England according to Lloyd George simply cannot take the risk of holding aloof until the Soviet government falls. She must reach a settlement with Russia in the near future. And with British policy thus openly defined, we may safely infer that most other European governments are making their plans to fall in line. The Soviet government may complicate matters again by over-confidence. But if they conduct their case with moderation and common sense the restoration of Russia to the family of nations cannot be long postponed.

"Sick of Politics"

"THE country" said a New York daily paper recently, "is sick of party politics and sick of party politicians, but somehow it seems to have lost its capacity for political initiative." Both of these statements are true. The country in the sense of practically all reflective and well-informed public opinion is sick of party politics and party politicians, but the people who are sick of party politics and politicians are divided and sceptical about the best method of giving effective political expression to their discontent. That portion of the public which has provided the soil in which progressive agitations have grown seems incapable of originating and carrying through a progressive political campaign. The aggressive forces in American opinion which from the foundation of the Republic until 1912 were always starting off buoyantly and confidently on some new adventure in active political idealism are at present inert and sterile, and their inertia does not arise from the satisfaction of a good conscience. For the first time the nation finds itself struggling in the grip of evils and abuses whose existence it recognizes but against which its reformers have not the mind and the heart to contend.

There is a valid reason for discouragement. Thoughtful Americans would do well to recognize the substantial failure of all the major agitations for political and economic reform in this country since the Civil War. They began to be "sick of party politics and party politicians" as far back as 1868. It was then that the liberal Republicans who subsequently became the Mugwumps started in to undermine the power of the machine, to turn the rascals out of office, to promote efficient and honest government and to do all the good which Mr. Gifford Pinchot has recently promised to do for unregenerate Pennsylvania. It was at about the same time that radical agrarianism in its modern form began to show its head and when the trades unions on the one hand and the trusts on the other began to interfere with the loose village homogeneity of the pioneer democracy. During the intervening fifty-five years, these political and economic innovations and agitations have passed through many vicissitudes and written a great deal of history. They have effected important changes and have themselves undergone profound modifications, but they have not succeeded in accomplishing their original objects. Although there is more reason in 1922 to be sick of party politics and the way in which party politicians deal with the abuses of government and the maladjustments of business than there was in 1868, the reformers are more disconcerted by their own ineptitude and by their want of common consciousness than they are by the political and economic misgovernment of the country.

Consider in this connection the vicissitudes and the fate of a few of these agitations for reform. The early independents proposed to do away with the most flagrant evils of party politics by eradicating the spoils system, by improving the mechanism of municipal and subsequently of state government and by subjecting the party machinery to popular control. They and their successors little by little forced upon the machine an enormous amount of legislation which was intended to undermine its power and to purify the practice of politics. They have succeeded undoubtedly in checking the aggrandizement of the municipal and state bosses and in getting rid of some of the most notorious abuses which had crept into the processes of voting, but at the end of two generations of agitation and legislation party politicians dominate the government of the country as much as they did at the beginning, and they remain the stubborn enemies of administrative efficiency and social progress.

They have accepted civil service laws, but by

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keeping the more remunerative jobs in their own hands they have prevented the introduction of a sound method of educating, selecting, promoting, rewarding and testing public servants. They have yieded to direct primaries, but they have learned, except for occasional miscarriages which they could not prevent even under the convention system, how to control them. They have gradually worn out the agitation for municipal reform, whose program usually consisted of charter improvements and of substituting good for bad public officials. The commission form of municipal government from which so much was expected has ceased to excite serious interest. The campaign in favor of the short ballot has died of inanition. The attempt to democratize democracy in America by means of the initiative, the referendum and the recall has ceased. The executive leadership of public opinion from which so much was expected is in bad odor. The two dominant parties divide the government of the country between them, and the professional politicians govern the parties. They dread and try to avoid popular disapproval, as they always have done, but divided as professional opinion now is they have little fear at present of the kind of explosion which will really threaten their power.

A similar fate has befallen the economic agitations. On several different occasions the farmers' grievances have resulted in outbursts of popular discontent in the western states against the money lenders, the railroads and the trusts, but these outbursts finally subsided without doing much damage. It was sufficient usually to buy off different groups of farmers by unimportant concessions. Twice the Democrats have won national elections on the issue of tariff reform. Yet at the present time the Republicans are passing one of the highest and least justifiable protective tariffs in the history of the country without arousing as vigorous a protest as the McKinley tariff did in 1890 or the Payne-Aldrich bill did in 1909. Throughout the whole period the economic policy of the country favored industry at the expense of agriculture without incurring any really effective protest from the farmers who always formed a majority of the voters.

The progressive agitation of from 1904 to 1912 did, indeed, check the formation of industrial combinations, place the railroads under restraint and federalize the national banking system, but these economic reforms have left the major part of the original problem unsolved. At present the railroads have ceased to be the power for evil that they once were, but they have also ceased to be the power for good. The business of the country, in spite of the break-up of one or two trusts, is controlled as never before in respect both to prices and output by trade associations. The Federal Reserve system has decentralized and redistributed the disposition of American credit, but the power of the banks over American business is steadily increasing. A much more effective, widely ramified and insidious "Money Power" is being built up than in the days of the National Bank or the interlocking directorates. Finally a livelier fear of revolutionary agitation has increased the intimacy of the alliance between party politics and big business which progressives used to suspect and condemn. The party politicians are only too willing to raise the cry of Bolshevism against any agitation which does more than scratch the surface of existing abuses and discontents.

This review, inadequate and cursory as it is, justifies, we think, one conclusion which reformers particularly should take to heart. Intelligent American public opinion is discontented with the present conduct of the business and politics of the country but it is also discontented with the results of the progressive agitations of the past fifty years. It has reason to be. They have cured certain specific abuses, but they were all based on a superficial analysis and on the whole they did not deserve to succeed any better than they have. As a net result American politics and business are working less well rather than better and are more than ever escaping popular and social control. While there is a widespread feeling that the regular business and political machine is becoming dangerously unmanageable, there is very little disposition or ability to do anything about it. The public spirited citizen is exhibiting an unprecedented lack of political initiative. He does not know where to go and he has no trustworthy leadership to follow. American progressivism is fatally deficient in program, in personnel and in any common consciousness of its enemy and its task.

If the discontented minority is to regain the effective political initiative which is so necessary to the reformation of a democratic society, American progressives need to reconsider both their own task and the situation of their country. They do not possess a sufficiently strong grip on popular confidence to justify them in plunging again into political agitation with the expectation of taking political and economic power away from its present custodians. That power will remain for a long time to come in the hands of politicians and business men similar to those who now rule us. But the progressives should not be discouraged at the prospect of being excluded from the exercise of political and economic power. The people who have to conduct the business and politics of the world are going to have a bad time of it. Modern demo-

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cratic nations are destined for many years to lead disorderly and disappointing careers. Neither the progressive nor the conservative elements in society will possess the self-confidence and the knowledge to operate their governments successfully; and under such circumstances it is both prudent and fair to let the people who believe in the present social organization and standards assume responsibility for the disorder and the resulting discontent. But although they will be for the most part excluded from power, progressives will not vindicate themselves merely by uttering sardonic comments on the failure of their opponents. The failure is not of one party. It is the failure of a civilization, which depends for its vitality on cooperation but which does not know how to base cooperation on consent. The progressives and the radicals are as incapable of repairing the failure as the conservatives. But they will have an enormous advantage over conservatives if they will admit their own incompetence and consider seriously how they may remove it.

They will prepare for that difficult task better by keeping on the margin of political agitation rather than by becoming absorbed into the full sweep of its current. For one of the great lessons which the twentieth century has to learn is that the nineteenth century expected to accomplish too much by means of politics. Democrats and aristocrats, socialists and reactionaries all overemphasized the importance of political machinery and the scope of possible political achievement. The chief function of the wise liberal during the next generation is to investigate the ability of individuals and groups to bring about an improved quality of human relations by other than political means. Modern society cannot depend upon legislation to do away with the abuses and the failures of private business. It cannot depend upon economic motives to bring about the social cohesion which political democracy has tried and failed to achieve. The frank recognition of these limitations of political and economic activities is the beginning of modern wisdom. The future belongs to that party or movement or nation or church which understands and acts on this truth. Both industry and democracy as now organized and conducted train men and women in the art of exercising power for individual or class purposes rather than in the art of constructive human association. So they will remain until the ultimate units of association in industry, politics and social life are organized primarily not to produce Fords or law and order or superfluous display but as schools in which people of different outlooks and interest learn how by experience and otherwise to understand and work one with another.

A Witless Industry

ONE American industry, at least, has a good chance to rise out of the slough of depression. That is the building industry. It does not need to wait for the settlement of the problems of the inter-Allied debts, German reparations or the Russian question. The world beyond our own boundaries may remain topsy-turvy and poverty stricken, but the builders need not bother their heads about that. The demand for housing is insistent. There is hardly a city or village in which it is not keenly felt. All the materials required are present in abundance, not as undeveloped resources, but explored and organized for immediate utilization. Labor is superabundant, except in limited fields where faulty handling produces an artificial shortage. Money for sound investments is cheap and plentiful.

From these facts, not one of which anyone would undertake to dispute, we ought to be justified in forecasting a building boom. And figures for building permits filed give some indications as to the possible magnitude of the boom. Such figures suggest that if the industry would operate smoothly at least three or four billions in construction would go forward this year. Six billions is hardly an excessive outside figure. What the realization of such a boom would mean for the prosperity of building workers and employers is obvious. Its meaning for the seekers after housing accommodations is equally obvious. There would also be important indirect effects upon other industries. A building boom would put in circulation vast sums of purchasing power which would restore vitality to a host of miscellaneous industries. Business just now appears to be taking a turn for the better. Cautiously, tentatively, it is picking up speed. If there were any guarantee that the building industry would make the best possible use of its present opportunities, every business man in the country would feel heartened to act on the assumption of a rising market. Our booms and depressions have always a basis in material facts, but their extent and degree of persistence depend chiefly upon collective business psychology. We can have good times when the underlying basis in material facts is by no means reassuring, and bad times when the underlying facts are turning toward the better. At the present time we are deeper in depression than the facts seem to warrant. Our whole economic life could be toned up if some one of the major industries would set the example of going ahead under full steam. And the building industry is in a position to do that.

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But we are speaking of the building industry as if it were an organic entity, capable of taking counsel for its own interest and for that of society at large. As a fact, however, the industry is something very different. There are a thousand separate interests, each bent on grabbing what it can, without any regard to what happens to the rest, or indeed to itself in the more or less remote future. And so the moment any sign of improvement appears, the material men fall to profiteering, the transportation men gouge and discriminate, the contractors sharpen their shears against the customer's fleece and skin, the laborers adopt "snow balling" tactics, giving as little service as possible for the maximum pay that can be extorted.

And so one construction project after another is abandoned, and the industry, along with the rest of the industries of the country, slips back into the slough. In New York today, Mr. Untermyer reports, the price of brick has gone up to $24 or $25 a thousand, while the cost of manufacture is $11. Testimony before the Lockwood Committee offers abundant evidence of a disposition of labor to extract the highest wages to be had out of existing contracts without regard to the deterrent effect on future contracts. Evidence enough is at hand to show that the deterrent effect is already operating.

It lies in the nature of the building industry that high construction costs at any particular time reappear as high fixed charges over a stretch of years. Nothing will justify boom costs of building except a fair prospect of permanent high rents. And there can be no such prospect. Nobody knows to what extent the building industry will be deflated in the course of the next five years. There are, in the most favorable circumstances, considerable risks in undertaking construction now. And when owners are exhibiting a disposition to assume the risks, the building industry ought to do the utmost in its power to help the movement along. Instead, the industry appears to be conducting itself like one of the disorderly armies of early modern times, which lost a victory half won because officers and soldiers alike fell to looting.

It is just that sort of thing that is bringing more and more men around to the view that the system of free private enterprise no longer works adequately in the supplying of the essential requirements of the public. When an organized collective effort is imperatively needed the system gives us a scramble of conflicting interests. When intelligence and industrial statecraft are required, the system presents to us a spectacle of utter witlessness. And no one can say that this is a temporary misadjustment, bound to straighten itself out in time. As our economic relations grow more complex, the instances of misadjustment become more numerous and their effects more grave. Is it to be supposed that an intelligent people will continue to stand by idle while conditions go from bad to worse?

There have indeed been numerous attempts at organization of the building industry. But the motives of organization have never been motives of service, but motives of profit. They have not even been far-sighted motives of profit, but motives of immediate gain. Contractors associate themselves to insure good margins. Laborers associate themselves to insure good wages. The public has no quarrel with good margins, good wages. The laborer is worthy of his hire, when he works. But what the public has a right to demand is a new form of association. Let the contractors join together to see how they can put through the maximum number of jobs at a cost that will elicit new jobs. Let the workers associate to supply the number of qualified and competent workers the industry requires, at a living wage—a live and let live wage, shall we say? There must be goodwill and intelligence enough in the building industry to create a form of organization for service, not for profiteering.

Under such an organization it would be possible for private enterprise, industrial initiative, to win a new lease of life. But if no such organization can be formed, it is inevitable that housing and a considerable part of the field of business construction will sooner or later be taken out of the hands of private industry. The people will have to build for themselves when the building industry fails them.

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Economic Interpretation of Judges

TEN years ago political discussion was focussed on the problem,—what is the proper task of judges in carrying on the work of a modern democracy? Those of us who think that the advocates of the recall of judges and of decisions were on the wrong scent must at least admit that they illustrated the proposition of John Stuart Mill, that the free expression of error is valuable because it puts truth on its mettle and forces it to justify itself to the public by strong arguments instead of resting content with antique and flabby reasoning. The controversy over the origin and merits of judicial review of legislation bade fair to produce a thorough reexamination from a twentieth century point of view of the questions, what does a judge do, what ought he to do, how shall he be chosen, how long shall he be left undisturbed in his office? There was a popular overhauling of these questions in speeches, newspaper editorials, and ten-cent magazines, and the publication of scholarly investigations by Beard, Corwin, and McLaughlin. But before the problem of the judicial function was completely solved, the outbreak of the European war and the collapse of progressivism caused its importance to be forgotten.

New life has now been given to these issues by the publication of Senator Beveridge's widely-read biography of our greatest judge. Study of the part which Marshall played in American economic and political development inevitably throws light on the work of judges in general. Moreover, those who regard a judge as really a political official, who consequently ought to be elected, controlled, and removed by the people at large, point to Beveridge's frequent praise, not so much of Marshall's legal ability, as of his statesmanship. It is repeatedly stated that he deliberately made use of small cases to establish his own views of what was good for the nation. We are told that the dispute in Marbury vs. Madison had become "of no consequence whatever to any one" as a concrete matter, when Marshall used it to establish the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, a step "which for courage, statesmanlike foresight, and, indeed, for perfectly calculated audacity, has few parallels in judicial history"; that his decisions on international law illustrate, not only his legal knowledge but "his broad conceptions of some of the fundamentals of American statesmanship in foreign affairs"; that in McCulloch vs. Maryland he rebuked disunionists and the Virginia Republican machine. Beveridge describes Fletcher vs. Peck as a trumped-up case, which a weaker man would have refused to decide, but thinks it one of the firmest proofs of Marshall's greatness that he considered it necessary for the nation's highest court to lay down plainly the law of public contract. Still more startling is Beveridge's opinion that Johnson, a Republican Justice, would have differed outright from Marshall in this case, had not the disposition that Marshall made of it been ardently desired by the Republican leaders, Jefferson and Madison.*

Even if we regard with considerable doubt this presentation of judges as using controversies before them to carry out definite party policies, we must reckon with the sober judgment of Corwin, that Marshall refused "to regard his office merely as a judicial tribunal; it was a platform from which to promulgate sound constitutional principles." † Is the Chief Justice of the United States not merely the arbiter of disputes according to settled law, but in fact a statesman, creating national policies? If so, should not he be responsive to the popular will like the Lord Chancellor of England? And the same question exists, with slightly less importance, with respect to all other judges, federal and state.

Certainly, the views just quoted from Beveridge and Corwin are far from the orthodox theory of the judge's part in the development of law, that he applies already existing rules to the facts before him, or if a new rule is necessary he evolves it from existing rules by the application of rigid logic. This theory makes his operations as impersonal as those of an adding machine. The facts press the buttons, the cogs revolve, out comes the answer. Only one right answer is possible, but if the judge's mind is of an inferior make, a cog occasionally slips and the wrong result gets printed. However, the quality of the additions is not affected by the fact that the machine has been set in the city or the country, among rich or poor, scholars or men of action. Advocates of this theory resent even the suggestion that Marshall's decisions were influenced by his early contact with Washington and his experiences of state incompetency in and after the Revolution.

At the opposite pole is the theory of Gustavus

* Beveridge, III, 125, 132, 593; IV, 121, 304.

† Corwin, John Marshall and the Constitution, page 122.

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Myers' History of the Supreme Court, that a judge is a loaded roulette-wheel, which always makes the banker come out ahead. He describes Marshall and his associates on the bench as engaged in a ceaseless practice of "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," each justice virtuously abstaining from participation in the decision of cases affecting his own pocket-book in the confident expectation that the rest of the Court would stand by him in return for similar favors when their cases came up. The holocaust of corruption which he paints makes one suspect that Mr. Myers got his two books mixed up, and carried over into the Supreme Court too many impressions gathered in his researches into the history of Tammany Hall.

Others (and in part this is Mr. Myers' view) without charging a judge with corruption, lay great emphasis on his unconscious class bias as the main explanation of his legal doctrines. It is evident that as soon as we reject the adding-machine theory and admit that those doctrines depend on something besides strict logic, the question what the additional factors are becomes very important. If a judge is only a political official, statesman perhaps, who makes deliberate choice of policies, the way is readily open for supporters of the economic interpretation of history to insist that his choices are largely attributable to financial motives and class attitude. Thus the reviewer of Beveridge in the New Republic * thinks that "perhaps the decisive influence" in determining Marshall's mind toward nationalism was "his own economic interests," and that the fact that the Constitution of 1787 was calculated to protect Marshall's ownership of one thousand acres of land in Fauquier county under the Fairfax title, because it would prevent Virginia from disregarding treaty rights, "no doubt was influential in inclining Marshall to support" that Constitution in the Virginia Convention of 1788.

In view of the low value of frontier land and the number of forcible arguments of public advantage stated by Marshall to support his vote, it seems rash to assume that because his private profit might have swayed his opinion on a matter which obviously affected thousands of persons on whose behalf he knew he was deliberating, therefore it did sway him. As well assume that a man's insistence that exemption from Panama tolls for American shipping is a breach of a treaty, arises from his ownership of a few transcontinental railway shares, which may suffer from marine competition. That the desire to obtain necessities and luxuries for one's self and family, and the craving for the power which comes with wealth, are elements in the formation of character and opinions is conceded. Furthermore, the accumulation of a large number of instances where differences of political views coincide with differences in economic status, as Beard proposes in his Economic Interpretation of the American Constitution, may show that economic motives must have guided the action of enough unspecified men in a mass to decide the action of the mass. It is a very different matter to pick out a particular man in that mass and feel sure that economic motives explain his action. In the same way, life insurance tables show how long the average man of thirty may expect to live, but not the actual longevity of Mr. Richard Roe, aged thirty.

The statement that the decisive influence upon the legal principles of any judge is economic is a generalization which, to be sound, requires first, the elimination of his logical powers of reasoning and of negative data which indicate the presence of non-economic motives of greater strength than the economic motives; and secondly, the careful verification of affirmative data which indicate the operation of economic motives. For instance, in Marshall's case, the reviewer already quoted says, "As a practicing attorney in Richmond his largest fees are coming from the members of those very commercial classes who, with the land speculators, were most influential in the support of the new government." Is it so certain that his clients were mainly of this type? This could be tested by an examination of all Marshall's cases in the Virginia Court of Appeals (listed at the close of Beveridge, Vol. II). An inquiry into ten cases argued in 1793 and ten in 1797 † shows four cases of family disputes over the division of a decedent's property, one case on behalf of a sheriff, one defence of a prosecution for assault and battery. No class conflict here! Two land-title disputes turn on technical points of law. Four cases on behalf of creditors look more promising for the economic interpretation; but one is against the grantee of a fraudulent conveyance, another to collect a debt from an English tobacco-buyer, another by a son-in-law against his father-in-law for a marriage portion, and the fourth to foreclose a mortgage on slaves. And in eight cases, Marshall's clients were debtors, the very class which suffered from the Constitution as interpreted by him. The only client from "the commercial classes" is the tobacco-seller! Although a complete investigation of all the cases appealed—and his

* Review by B. B. Kendrick, April 6, 1921; correspondence between Mr. Kendrick and Charles H. Burr, May 4, 1921.

† The first ten in 1 Call Reports, and in 1 Washington Reports.

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poorer clients would be less likely to appeal—may not conform to these twenty, it may be surmised and is indicated by Beveridge's anecdotes, that Marshall's clients were well-scattered through the social scale, and at any rate that he had no chance to become biassed from constantly representing the rich against the poor.

The trouble with the economic interpretation of the conduct of an individual is that it is a vaticinium post eventum, which knowing the result is able to seize upon the particular economic factors which seem to justify that result. If the result had been exactly the opposite, very likely other economic factors could have been found to justify that. For instance, suppose the general attitudes of Marshall and Jefferson had been reversed. Whatever the influence of a thousand frontier acres on Marshall, what more natural than that Jefferson who inherited 6,900 acres nearer civilization and bought 3,000 more should be a conservative, that as an eldest son he should oppose the abolition of primogeniture whereas he actually secured it, that the founder of the University of Virginia should applaud the Dartmouth College case which safeguarded the wishes of donors, that the widely-travelled internationalist should despise state lines? And John Marshall, born poor on a farm where thorns were used for buttons, married on small earnings, who spent years in paying off indebtedness to British creditors, who had frequent cases against wealthy men, so that their iniquities may have become clear to him, who had many debtors as his clients, who saw Europe under conditions which gave him good cause to hate all foreigners, who never went North after his military campaigns, how plain indeed the reasons why he became the champion of Southern localism, the narrow interpreter of treaty obligations, and the partisan of agrarian debtors against urban and European capitalists!

All these explanations of the judicial task are too simple. A judge is not a calculating machine, but a human being, subject to the subtle influence of heredity and environment, especially the surroundings and mental training of his first twenty-five years. And he cannot get outside of himself to do his thinking. His product is, therefore, bound to be affected by these influences. All the more need to recognize this frankly, so that he may lessen the risk of unjust decisions by allowing for the effect of large means or other personal factors upon his reasoning processes and thereby reduce their operation to a minimum, just as the astronomer learns to estimate the habitual lapse of time between the appearance of a star and his visual reaction to its light, and corrects his observations accordingly.

On the other hand, even if we reject the adding-machine theory and conclude that a judge's political or economic views play some part in the making of law, this does not mean that he should be selected on the basis of those views, as if he made law like a legislator or carried out policies like a Cabinet officer. The legislator initiates measures or votes on them solely according to his own views of policy or those of his supporters. The judge must wait until a controversy comes before him, and then must decide it, not by unrestricted considerations of policy or according to party welfare, but by rules of law. It is true that he sometimes has to work out new rules, and that even in the application of statutes his decision as to what they mean adds something to them which in a sense was not there before, but in all this his scope is limited by the pre-existing law. No one has stated this better than the judge who has been most quick to recognize social and economic aspects in law, Justice Holmes:

> We do not forget the continuous process of developing the law that goes on through the courts, in the form of deduction, or deny that in a clear case it might be possible even to break away from a line of decisions in favor of some rule generally admitted to be based upon a deeper insight into the present wants of society. But the improvements made by the courts are made, almost invariably, by very slow degrees and by very short steps. Their general duty is not to change but to work out the principles already sanctioned by the practice of the past. No one supposes that a judge is at liberty to decide with sole reference even to his strongest convictions of policy and right. His duty in general is to develop the principles which he finds, with such consistency as he may be able to attain.*
>
> I recognize without hesitation that judges do and must legislate, but they can do so only interstitially; they are confined from molar to molecular motions.†

This being so, the most important factor determining the quality of a judge's output is not his economic or social doctrine, but his legal power. By this I do not mean his knowledge of law conceived as a body of static rules, the way a football referee knows the rules of the game. The game of life cannot be played under conditions which remain constant from year to year, and law must change with life. Legal power includes comprehension of the principles of law evolved out of past experience; and in addition the training and ability to distinguish rules workable today from the unworkable, to discard outworn conceptions, to refuse to employ time-honored words without finding exactly what they mean. The principles of the past, after being thus clarified, are used and gra-

* Stack vs. R. R., 177 Mass. 158.

† Dissent in So. Pac. Co. vs. Jensen, 244 U. S. 221.

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dually extended to solve the complex problems of the judge's own time. If a whole court without this understanding of the law were installed in order to carry out a radical program which they heartily endorsed, they would accomplish very little. Their efforts to make a great leap forward would be futile for want of a solid jumping-off place, and they would be too confused to know whether in the end they were going backward or ahead. The ultimate tangled result would furnish no sound body of principles to guide either subsequent judges or ordinary citizens anxious to conduct daily transactions in such a way as to be safeguarded by law.

All the talk about Marshall as a great statesman has obscured the fact that he based all his opinions on the words of the Constitution. He understood the law which he was applying. This, of course, meant more than knowing the clauses of the Constitution by heart. A judge interpreting a contract construes its words in the light of its purpose, and the more he knows of business, the better he understands the contract. So Marshall read the words of the Constitution so as to carry out the framers' purpose of founding a nation. Another man might have understood that purpose differently, but it is noteworthy that all his associates of the opposite party invariably agreed with him, with the exception of one decision where the split did not at all coincide with party lines. This indicates that the part which political views play is after all very small. And so probably with a judge's personal economic views. The so-called radical opinions of Justice Holmes proceed from a man who expresses a conservative view-point off the bench, in his letter on Economic Elements.* There is, indeed, a non-legal element in his making of law as with Marshall. Holmes interprets a statute or common law principle in the light of its purpose, and understands that purpose because of his open-minded comprehension of the human activities which law serves only to regulate. So Lord Mansfield created modern business law because he understood business as well as law. Legal power is much; it is not all; but the important residuum in the equipment of a great judge is not, I believe, the possession of this or that political or economic or social view, but the desire to understand human life as well as embalmed legal experience.

The problem of the judiciary is, therefore, not the selection and easy removal of judges on a political or class basis, but the question, what methods will make it easier to place men of this legal and ultra-legal power on the bench, and after they are there will enable them to keep in continuous fruitful contact with the changing social background out of which controversies arise.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

Industrial War in Chicago

THE building situation, corrupt before in many communities, was so worsened under war conditions that the Lockwood Committee undertook reform in New York, and the Dailey Commission was charged with a similar task for Chicago. The disclosures of the Lockwood Committee and the resultant prosecutions and prison sentences both for corrupt labor officials and corrupt material dealers are generally known. The recent alleged miscarriages of trials of indictments secured by the Dailey Commission against labor leaders have also received liberal notice. Meagre publicity has, however, been given to the fact that year-old indictments against material men are still dormant in Chicago, and to the fact that, according to alleged admissions from one of the jurymen concerned, the reason for the recent notorious acquittal of four of the accused labor officials in that city was the fact that the indicted material men were being left undisturbed.

While these sinister Chicago conditions bear only indirectly upon the existing war in that city's building industry, they should be remembered in gauging not only the anti-labor publicity, but likewise the activities of commercial forces in relation to that strife.

That industrial war is not too strong a term to apply to this strife is evidenced by the fact that through an aggressive and highly financed Citizens' Committee, created by the Association of Commerce, a considerable portion of the army of building journeymen in Chicago are being told that their trades, hitherto unionized, can never again be carried on as union trades in Chicago. The martial character of the situation is also evidenced by the fact that the country is being combed by that Committee to recruit men to come to Chicago to take the places of those journeymen, by the fact that bombing of certain jobs appears to have occurred, by charges that the recent murder of two police-

* Holmes, Collected Legal Papers, page 279.

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men was due to recalcitrant labor, and by wholesale raids upon labor headquarters and arrests of labor officials. The tension is also indicated by the irresponsible and partisan activities of the press. For example, the Tribune, in a two inch headline across the front page, announced one morning a "$250,000 Terrorist Fire," and followed it by a highly colored column of stupidly false or misdirected statements charging the fire to labor. The next day another paper disclosed the fact that apparently the fire resulted from bonfires started by children. Constant press iteration appears also of the alleged instruction from the Chief of Police to patrolmen to "shoot to kill" in case suspects fail to halt on demand.

It is a somewhat disconcerting fact that this condition is the aftermath of an unsuccessful arbitration, instituted early last summer, with a view to ending peacefully a lockout in the building trades, and resulting in the so-called Landis Award, so named after Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, the arbitrator. It therefore becomes necessary to refer particularly to that arbitration, and to the "Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award," which was created by the Association of Commerce, and is the aggressive agent in the present struggle.

The lockout mentioned was precipitated by the refusal of the men in the building industry to accept the cut, announced by the contractors, of the uniform wage of mechanics from $1.25 to $1.00 per hour, and of the laborers' wage from $1.00 to $.70 per hour. The men demanded that the higher figures continue. An agreement for arbitration of the wage rates was negotiated between the Building Trades Council and the two Contractors' Associations, and was finally signed by the two associations and by twenty-seven separate unions, (but not by the carpenters, plasterers, painters and four other less numerous unions).

While this agreement provided for arbitrating the wage rates, it did not provide, save in the contingency of disagreement between the parties in respect thereto, for arbitration of the various working rules customarily adopted by those parties for the respective building trades. Some of these rules are seemingly open to serious question, as for example, the requirement that a plumber shall always be accompanied by a helper, or that all glass shall be set on the job, instead of in the factory, where it can be done more cheaply. On the other hand, the unions regard their working rules, many of which have been secured by protracted efforts, as of vital importance to the interests of their members. While the arbitrator considered these rules as in various cases wasteful and needing reform, yet since they were definitely omitted from the subject matter in the arbitration agreement, he properly began the hearings in conformity with that limitation.

After the hearings, however, were substantially closed and the case was practically in the arbitrator's hands for decision of the wage rates, he suddenly concluded, apparently, that he could reach these rules by indirection—by adopting the theory that journeymen adhering to such rules should be penalized by having their wages reduced by an amount which he might determine to represent the economic waste of such rules. He accordingly announced to the union officials that he wished to see all their working rules, and that if any which appeared to him wasteful were not changed in such manner as he should indicate, he would punish the resisting unions by arbitrarily fixing their wages in his award that much lower than they would otherwise be fixed. He also added that if any unions refused to submit their rules for such consideration and possible changes, he would refuse to fix wages for those trades, the result of which would be their exclusion from the expected settlement.

Under the pressure with which this demand was fortified, and which labor's spokesmen say amounted to coercion, most of the unions acceded to his demands, doing so reluctantly and as yielding to his semi-official authority. Others submitted their rules but refused to make the changes demanded, there being no disagreement between the parties over the rules.

In view of these facts, it is difficult to regard Judge Landis' action concerning working rules otherwise than as an unauthorized attempt, by intimidating pressure, to extend the subject matter of his arbitration beyond that included and contemplated in the arbitration agreement. Furthermore, although most of the unions did under the circumstances assent to this extension, the group of six or eight which refused, were not only within their rights in so doing, but were defrauded of their right to an award under the submission as made. Nor does it seem far-fetched to hold that since that submission was in fact and intent a joint action by the entire twenty-seven trades signing the agreement in mutual consideration of the acts of each other, none of them had a right to abrogate or vary that agreement without the consent of all concerned, and that an award arrogating that right was itself a breach of that agreement. The real violator of the arbitration contract would appear thus to have been the arbitrator himself, instead of the unions charged with violation—for repudiating the award.

The award also dismayed the men by cutting all wages below the middle line of the difference be-

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tween the original demands of the two parties, and by reducing the wages of many trades below the uniform wages offered by the contractors. It made punitive reductions still greater in amount for the trades whose working rules, having been submitted, had not been modified as demanded. It substituted differential for existing uniform wages; it substituted a maximum for the historic minimum wage, and it required all men to work peacefully with non-union men—the open shop. That Judge Landis, when he made the award, expected it to bring peace —for which arbitration was instituted—is impossible to believe. Twelve unions, never in the arbitration or never accepting the result, and comprising over two-thirds of the men in the building industry, repudiated the award, but commercial interests enthusiastically espoused enforcement, and the costly struggle of might, which has run seven months and will settle nothing permanently, was on.

Adopting, and with great emphasis, the charge of bad faith against the resisting unions, the Association of Commerce appointed last fall an impressive committee of one hundred and seventy-six members, representing the employing and banking interests of the city, to enforce the Landis Award, and this committee created an executive committee of seven. As the real operating citizens' committee, this executive body is of interest respecting its personnel. Although it has attempted to take over the labor policy of the building industry of the city, and asserts its sympathetic purposes toward honest trade unionism, its chairman, a well known opponent of unionism, and two other members are heads of open shop industrial plants, two are bankers, one is a member of a department store firm, and the seventh is a famous grain broker. Although assuming the name "Citizens' Committee," and claiming to represent Chicago's citizens respecting a labor issue peculiarly affecting homes, it has no member from the "better half" of the population chiefly interested in home building, no member connected with or knowing the industry and trades involved, no member truthfully representing the general community, made up as it is largely of wage earners, and no member who represents labor, or is or ever was a friend of labor, the party primarily concerned. Instead it represents solely the employing and financial interests. It is in the fullest sense a packed committee.

It occupies expensive offices, employs a large staff, draws upon a guarantee fund alleged to be underwritten for two million dollars, is claimed to be spending $50,000 a week, and declares its unalterable purpose to establish the open shop in the twelve non-conforming trades. The committee's chief significance is perhaps as an instance of "one big union"—of employers. Starting out to combine as many as possible of the 2,500 building contractors large and small in the city under its plan, requiring those contractors to turn over to it their labor policies and promising to furnish required workmen, the committee has established an employment office and advertised far and wide for building mechanics. It advances their transportation and recoups this from their wages later. It claims to have many thousands working under its auspices. It has hired guards and bought bombing insurance for its jobs. It has forbidden its contractors to employ members of the offending unions, and advises these that their trades can never again proceed under union auspices in Chicago. In other words, it is not merely proclaiming that the Chicago building industry as a whole shall hereafter be an open shop industry, with non-union men in certain trades working on all jobs, but since one man will not willingly pay union dues while another next him pays none, this proclamation would logically mean at its face the general decline of unionism in the local industry as a whole. The committee, however, is already finding itself unable to enforce the award upon its own employees and contractors. In the face of the building industry activity and the market demand, the prescribed wage scale is ignored generally, actual wages ranging from ten percent to thirty percent above it, and the committee necessarily winks at this fact. The men outside its jurisdiction are also fully employed, and at like wages. The committee, however, warns them of punishment to come when the present building activity shall have subsided.

What way out is there? That the outcome of the present struggle will be the shifting of the Chicago building industry from its long-established union basis to the open shop basis is scarcely to be expected and certainly not to be desired as the result of the activity of men motivated by a strictly class psychology. A radical improvement in the leadership of the Chicago building trades is, however, loudly called for, and the true spokesmen of Chicago labor realize keenly and bitterly the disgrace and the detriment suffered by organized labor throughout the city from the prominence in the Building Trades Council of criminals with records who are now in jail, and of others under indictment.

It is in point to inquire why the building trades appear to suffer peculiarly in the character of their leaders. Why have the 60,000 men who build the homes and business structures of Chicago been especially exposed to exploitation by their union officials? Why have not these journeymen, the one great group of surviving craftsmen, been able

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to free themselves from such abuse? Probably one reason lies in the isolation of the industry. Most of the jobs are comparatively small, they are scattered throughout the city, most men stay on the same job but a short time, and work is seasonal. The men thus lack the opportunity of the closer, more continuous and more numerous associations of the factory for mutual acquaintance, for discussion of their trade interests and leaders, and for agreeing upon concerted action. The business agent is to a peculiar degree their only means of unity, and he has, therefore, unusual power, while at the same time he is peculiarly secure against effective criticism. Another reason is the lack of real cohesion and unity between the different trades. They have given too many demonstrations of the fact that they do not feel adequate identity with, responsibility for, and loyalty to each other. The Building Trades Council is itself a weak and unsatisfactory body, yet it stands in the way of something stronger and better. Another reason is the exposure of the union officials to the aims of the 2,500 contractors who compete with and knife each other in conducting the building industry of Chicago, and who are by common admission more culpable even than union officials for the grafting which stains the reputation of that industry.

Can outsiders help toward the reform needed? The Dailey Commission has proved a failure because it has not pursued even-handed justice toward material men as well as labor men. The Citizens' Committee has no real desire to build up and strengthen unionism; the local law-enforcing authorities may yet mete out deserved punishment to some labor offenders, but they will, of course, bring no constructive help for the future. The one outsider who is in a distinctly favorable position to help, and whose duty it would seem to be to afford help, is Mr. Gompers, but in his recent visit to Chicago he merely declared to the building trades that they should have acted as a unit, either accepting or rejecting the award, and he took no steps toward bringing about such unity. Whether or not the very arrangement for arbitration involved, as charged, the betrayal of certain unions —and so corruption on both sides—unity among the unions is necessary for peace and can rest only on integrity. Although Chicago needs a Samuel Untermyer, there are sincere and able officials of labor in Chicago, outside the building trades, who will gladly aid these toward needed reforms. The real burden, however, must be assumed, not only by the more reliable leaders in those trades, but by the rank and file. They themselves must take up the task of cleaning their own house.

GEORGE E. HOOKER.

The Black Sheep

"NO Sir," said President Clark. "There isn't any problem of academic liberty in this country. You'll always find that the supposed martyrs have something else on them. Morals, manners, a loose screw intellectually, financial unreliability, or worse. It is as if we had a gentlemen's agreement to throw the cloak of academic liberty over it all. That's best for the institution, the administration and the professors themselves. You outsiders take things at their face value and raise a great howl. And do you know what good you do? You just give us a lot of free advertising. Show me a college that didn't boom after an academic liberty row."

"I could, if I were to take time to check up the facts," I asserted with my best show of conviction. It was just a show, because there was an overriding quality in the dogmatism of President Clark. He was big, full fed and high colored, with quick, half-closed eyes, tight mouth, heavy chin and jaw bones underscored by a bloom of black beard under the smooth shaven skin. There is no use in arguing with that kind of man. You only feed his egotism, and go away depressed, feeling that your convictions are weak indeed, to be shattered on such a mere brute fact.

"But granted that a college usually booms after an outrage against academic liberty," I continued. "Outrages do nevertheless occur. I've followed the matter a good many years, and you simply can't make me believe that there is nothing in it but a polite method of getting rid of the black sheep."

"Black sheep?" President Clark laughed triumphantly. "I'm going to tell you a story. You recall the case of Professor Harris, dismissed from my college for irreligion? Of course you do. Now I remember, your name was among the signatures to a protest got up by wise outsiders, making me out a tyrant and bigot. Doubled our attendance and put our endowment on a sound foundation, but that isn't the point. I'm going to tell you just what was the matter with Professor Harris. In strict confidence, you understand. I always tell this story in strict confidence.

"I made that man. What I knew of him was that he had got a degree in a German university on a thesis written in Latin, and expected, no doubt, to be welcomed into an important professorship somewhere. But he hadn't any connections, and the long and short of it is, he starved a year, until I picked him up through a teachers' agency and put him in charge of prep. mathematics. I realized afterwards that I didn't like his looks,

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even at the start, but we were pretty poor in those days and couldn't be choosers."

"He hadn't been on the campus ten weeks before he began to buck me. The first occasion was the midsemester exams. His markings were a massacre. One-third of his students went down. I called him in and argued with him. I pointed out that a college can't run on youthful Keplers and Galileos, that we have to fix our standards so that most of the students will pull through, reserving the ax for absolute loafers and dunces. He said our standards were disgracefully low and our degrees a fraud. I laughed it off and said that when degrees passed with the public as legal tender we'd have him help us decide what nine-tenths fine ought to mean. Until then my formula for it would be adhered to: not more than one out of ten to be failed.

"After that, for some years he didn't make any trouble, openly. He never talked in faculty meetings, but I could always see by his eyes that he was against me. I had reason to suspect that he was in on every hostile move made by the faculty or the students. But he was too sly for me. I couldn't put my finger on anything he actually did. All I was certain of was that I had one hundred percent more trouble than I had before. I'm something of a fool about treating a man as innocent until he's proved guilty, and in due course I promoted him to associate professor and professor. And as he went up, I became more and more conscious of his antagonism.

"It all came out in a matter of no especial consequence. He had developed a grudge against one of the students, a nice chap, wellbred and well intentioned, not very bright perhaps, but good stuff, just the same. I'd had him up at the house often, and he was a warm friend of Mrs. Clark and the children. He was the son of a prominent banker who was deeply interested in the college. Well, what did Professor Harris see fit to do but flunk him flat. The boy came straight to me.

"I called in Professor Harris and explained all the circumstances. I was too polite about it; I didn't even allude to my belief that the boy was a victim of a grudge, but put my case on personal grounds, my liking for the boy and his father, and the advantage of keeping them friendly to the institution. 'All I ask,' I said, 'is that you change 'failed' to 'conditioned,' and let him back into the class for the rest of the term. I'll see that he gets a competent tutor to pull him through the finals.'

" 'You wouldn't be so anxious about him, if he were a poor student,' said Professor Harris.

" 'I might, if he were as nice a chap,' I retorted with some heat.

" 'Anyway, I refuse to be a party to a procedure subversive of sound discipline and honest standards.'

" 'Never mind how you regard the procedure. If the president of this institution makes a personal request, a professor can afford to grant it.'

" 'It is impossible.'

"I lost my temper. It wasn't so much the fact of his refusal. I had expected that and was by no means decided on overriding it. But his manner was simply intolerable. Cool, contemptuous superiority—that was what it was.

" 'Impossible for you, perhaps, not for me,' I said as quietly as I could. 'I shall direct my secretary to inform the young man that he is conditioned and will attend your course, and that I will read his final examination papers myself.'

" 'Very well,' said Professor Harris rising to go. 'Do you know, it is said around the campus that you treat your professors just as your father used to treat his niggers down South?'

"I could have knocked him down. I had heard that something of the kind was said about me, and I suspected Professor Harris of starting it. I hadn't cared much about it, but to have it thrown into my face—that was too much. And as I sat stewing over it an idea flashed upon me. Like niggers. Well, maybe he is a nigger. He knows a lot about the South, but he never talks about his people. 'By Caesar's ghost, that's it!'

"Why hadn't I thought of it before? To be sure, he had very light hair, hardly wavy even, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. His features were just as Caucasian as yours or mine. But there was something about him you just half felt. I realized now, I had felt it all along. I looked up the schedule of classes. Next hour he would be conducting a geometry class. I went over to his room and found him correcting a student's demonstration on the blackboard. He bowed as he saw me come in and went on with his work. I stepped up behind him and passed my hand over his hair. He turned around angrily.

" 'Pardon me,' I said, 'You had some chalk on your hair.'

" 'Oh thank you,' he said, turning again to the board. I raised my hand to my face. Confound him, he had perfumed his hair. But a nigger would.

"Of course, now I had started I was bound to find out. I had a new secretary nobody around the campus knew, and I put him in the post office to study the post marks on Professor Harris's mail. We charted them and got a pretty definite idea that the folks he most clung to lived in Cleveland—though he had never mentioned Cleveland

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to me. My secretary fixed it up with the station agent to let him know the destination of any ticket Professor Harris might buy at the Christmas recess. Sure enough, he bought a ticket to Cleveland. We had only ten minutes' warning, but my secretary got on the same train. We had planned it out this way. My secretary was to follow Professor Harris until he entered a house. Then later in the day my secretary was to call as an agent selling insurance and annuities.

"That evening I got a telegram. 'Have found fine bunch of mules. Await orders.'

"The second day I was in Cleveland. My secretary showed me the house, a neat bungalow in the outskirts of the town, and retired. I went on up to the house and knocked. An old mulatto woman opened the door.

" 'Good afternoon,' I said. 'I'm the follow-up on that insurance-annuity policy my assistant talked to you about yesterday. May I see'—and I looked up a card deliberately, as if I couldn't remember the name—'May I see Professor Harris?'

" 'Yes, certainly,' said the woman cordially. 'Won't you come in and sit down?' She opened the door of the rear room. 'Alexander!'

" 'What is it, mother?' That was Professor Harris's voice, all right.

" 'Here is another gentleman to see you about that insurance.'

" 'Tell him I don't want to be bothered about it,' said Alexander, with the impudent tone I had heard before.

" 'Madam,' I said, 'my instructions are to wait here until I see him. If he doesn't want to see me, he'll have to come in and throw me out.'

"The woman chuckled over my little joke. Alexander heard what I said and stepped into the room, slamming the door behind him.

" 'Good morning, Alec.' As I said, he was light complexioned, but light was no word for it when his eyes fell on me. White, by Caesar's ghost! He was so flustered that he came up and offered his hand.

" 'No thank you, Alec. My father didn't do that on his plantation down South.—I just thought I'd drop in and get that resignation you were going to hand me.'

"Alexander flushed. 'I congratulate you on your skill as a spy,' he said.

"I laughed. 'That sort of talk doesn't go any longer, you know,' I said. 'I still know how to handle 'em, if necessary. Shall it be on account of socialism? Or better, irreligion? That won't hurt you, and it will help the college.'

" 'Of course, I'd like to help the college,' Alec sneered. 'But don't worry about me. I can find a way to make a living, even if you do brand me as a nigger.'

" 'Let me see,' I said. 'You've been courting Dean Holt's daughter, and I understand there is an engagement.'

" 'Yes,' he said. He wasn't so cocky now.

" 'Well, you will break that off. Not on grounds of irreligion, but on the real ground. Will you inform her, or shall I?'

"That broke his guard, you may be sure. 'Oh President Clark,' he moaned, 'say anything else. Say I've got a prison record, or another wife, but not that. I love Janice Holt.'

" 'Don't you dare say that again, you impudent nigger,' I stormed. 'You're getting off easy enough. You know what they'd do to you in the state where you belong. They'd burn you.' "

The President leaned back in his chair, smiling victoriously over me. "Martyr to academic liberty! You will recall that when you outsiders got up that petition you had to make up his side of the case out of hearsay. He had dropped entirely out of sight."

"What became of him?" I asked.

President Clark shrugged his shoulders. "What becomes of any nigger? He's somewhere, I suppose."

"How about his fiancée? How did she take it?"

He frowned. "There are some things, sir, that a gentleman bred in the South refuses to discuss."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Return of Georg Brandes

THE University of Copenhagen was founded fourteen years before this country was discovered. For a variety of reasons, including this one, it is housed today in an ensemble of buildings the exterior of which gives the impression of petrified bleakness rather than frozen music. Deep within the main building, however, is the Hall of Ceremonies, a jewel box of architecture, spacious and yet cosy, warm though in the north. Here it is that the annual exchange of rectors takes place. If opened on any other occasion, the Danes are witnessing an extraordinary event. The Solennitetssal, as it is called, is Denmark's official shrine. She would no more think of using it for vulgar purposes than the Church of England would think of inviting an unbelieving Communist to harangue his comrades from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey.

On November 10th, however, Georg Morris Cohen Brandes, eighty years old on February 4, 1922, was escorted to the Hall of Ceremonies by

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a company of university professors and led to the speaker's desk by Otto Jespersen, Rector Magnificus. Professor Jespersen, the first individual from the department of modern languages to have been made rector in the history of the University, announced that Brandes would lecture on Homer with especial reference to the Odyssey. Brandes rose and, for more than two hours, lectured to the professors and their immediate friends and relatives on the message of ancient Greece to the modern world. The impression made was so profound that the University invited him to repeat his lecture on November 25th for the benefit of the students. He accepted the invitation, and again entered the Hall of Ceremonies, laid his book-like manuscript before him, and held the students in the proverbial breathless suspense while he read to them what he had to say concerning classical Greece in the light of cooperative Denmark.

This was possibly as rare a vindication, as complete a return, as has ever taken place. Brandes was born in Copenhagen and has lived there all his life, except when traveling and during the five years he was obliged to seek shelter in Germany because of his alleged anarchistic teachings. He is referred to now as the "intellectual façade of Scandinavia," and the metaphor is correct. But all this makes no difference: November 10th was his first official appearance in the Solennitetssal and the second of any kind since his deplorable rejection by his own people fifty years ago.

The physical side of the "return" came about as follows: On November 3rd, Brandes had delivered his lecture on the Greeks before the "young people" of Copenhagen in a down-town hall. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the first lecture at the university in the series that was later to be expanded and published, in six volumes, under the title of Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. There was a torch-light procession arranged by the students; there were serenades at his home down by the Sound; there were visiting delegations, including one from Prague; and there were telegrams, wireless and wired, from all parts of the civilized world.

Not necessarily as a result of this unofficial demonstration, though immediately following it, the University of Copenhagen, where he had applied for the professorship in literature and aesthetics so long ago, voted to have him come up and repeat the address he had delivered on the third. It is not possible to give the rector's introductory remarks in detail, though here is the literal gist of what Otto Jespersen, once attached to the University of California and later to Columbia, said:

> Ladies and Gentlemen: I have asked you to appear in this Hall in formal dress so that our great guest might see that it is an official welcome. We cannot undo the harm this University did Georg Brandes when it refused to appoint him to a professorship, but we can at least show that we take a more intelligent view of things than our predecessors took back in the seventies. After Brandes had been denied the chair he sought, an attempt was made to have him appointed to the chair of philosophy. But, owing to a gap in the Constitution, a gap that has since been filled, that too was found impossible.

Then Brandes delivered his address. At the close, Professor Jespersen rose, and the audience rose with him, to express the gratitude of the University. When he had finished his remarks, Brandes had disappeared from the Hall.

To appreciate the significance of this, a brief review of Brandes' life work is necessary. He has never written to order; he has written only on those themes that have been congenial to him. He began with critical studies of Carsten Hauch, whose successor he had hoped to become, and Hans Christian Andersen. His first real book appeared in 1870 and was on Taine, with whom he had associated so intimately and reverently from 1864 to 1870. Brandes claims to this day that he owes Taine more than he owes any other man.

He then turned to Sören Kirkegaard, the Danish philosopher who has had such a profound influence on Danish thought, and wrote a book on him. In 1874 he brought out his treatise on Lassalle, a work on which he himself lays great stress and which is widely regarded as one of his very best. He has since written a volume each on Ibsen, Nietzsche, Max Klinger and Disraeli. The leading characters treated in his Main Currents are Chateaubriand, Kleist, Joseph de Maistre, Byron, Shelley, Musset, Hugo, Balzac, Heine and Feuerbach.

Then came regularly and in turn his great critical biographies of Shakespeare (1912), Goethe (1917), Voltaire (1918), Julius Caesar (1920), and Michael Angelo (1921), each in two volumes, heavily documented, richly illustrated, immensely suggestive. This, in addition to his multifarious minor works, entitles him to be called the world's greatest synthetic critic.

Fifty years ago, Denmark would have none of the man who has since written these books and who had already proved that he had it in him to write them. It not only would have none of him, it asked him to move where his teachings might be more acceptable and less dangerous. What was the trouble with him? He had merely stated such truths as a child of today knows and believes.

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He had said to the Danish Church, Can you not see that a religion which is formalism only and which is wrapped in the cloak that chokes is worse than unbelief? He had said to the State, Can you not see that a government which is reactionary only and which is stifled by the conservatism that clogs the wheels is equally in error with anarchy? He had said to the University, Can you not see that education which is doctrinaire and which is smothered by the fumes of pedantry is worse than illiteracy? He had said to the men of letters, Can you not see that romanticism, while very well in itself and possibly adequate for pretty poetry, will never get you anywhere and that you must, if worthy of the name of poet, depict the things you see about you?

Denmark replied with a fourfold "No!" She denounced the man's doctrines and then, as is so apt to happen in such a case, impugned his character. He asked to be allowed to reply to his enemies, but not a single Danish paper, apart from Politiken, which he had founded, would open its columns to him—except at space rates. He was to pay for his defence just as a merchant would pay for an advertisement. He went instead to Germany, acquired an astounding familiarity with German letters and philosophy, wrote a book in German, the only time he ever forsook Danish, and in 1883 was informed that he might come back to Denmark. He accepted the invitation, or acted on the information, and has since made the Danish capital his home. Deep in the man's heart he is as loyal a Dane as lives. Were he not, he would have written his fifty volumes in a language that can be understood by more than three million people.

The other day messages of congratulation poured in to him apropos of the fiftieth anniversary of the first lecture in the course, which, instead of securing for him the coveted professorship, made him an expatriated Dane in a boarding house in Berlin. It is significant that among these very many were written in verse.

Those who wrote in prose were either quite brief, limiting themselves to "congratulations and best wishes," or quite wordy, tracing in succinct form the evolution of Brandes' meaning to and popularity with the people who have known him best and have derived the greatest benefit from him. But the theme that runs through all of these congratulatory messages is contained in the question, asked either in so many words or by implication: Where would Scandinavia be today had Brandes never lived? The query is not inept, for without him, Strindberg, Ibsen, Hamsun, Jens P. Jacobsen, Nexö, Selma Lagerlöf and others are unthinkable, at least in the form in which we know them. And Johan Bojer makes a clean sweep by saying, "whatever there is in us of clear thinking and strong feeling we owe to Brandes."

In this country, Brandes has had fairer treatment, slow though we were to take up with him. The first time his name was brought before us was in the eighties when the University of Chicago made a cautious effort to establish a chair in Danish and have Brandes appointed as the incumbent. The plan never materialized, though Brandes would in all probability have considered the proposition favorably had it been made to him in the right spirit. Any Dane will come to the United States if asked to do so while still reasonably young.

Beginning then around 1900, rumors were frequent that he was coming to the United States to deliver a series of lectures. He denied them all consistently and with vigor. But finally in 1914, the Vaterland, now the Leviathan, steamed into New York with Brandes on board. Our reporters referred to him as "the great Danish novelist and dramatist." He has never published a line of fiction. Creative work he has left to his brother, Eduard Brandes.

But Brander Matthews was no more accurate than the cubs. In introducing him to a New York audience at the Comedy Theatre, the Columbia Professor of Dramatic Literature expressed his "great pleasure at being able to present Dr. Ibsen of Denmark." It was a grievous and yet pardonable error, for Georg Brandes found Henrik Ibsen. He was the first critic to show that Ibsen was not a mere Norwegian grouch but a genius of the first order. He was also the discoverer of Nietzsche.

Since his visit to this country, Brandes has been more and more read by us. Articles have appeared on him, translations have been made from him, visits have been made to him, he has become in short a part of our spiritual stock in trade. We have accepted him.

Why did it take the Danes eighty years to accept him? Why does he have so many enemies in the world? Why did Clemenceau wish him ill during the war? What has been the matter with him?

My first visit to him was made on March 15, 1917. I was taken into a small room next to his great study where I found him in bed. He reached out his hand, shook mine vigorously, and began without the slightest motivation, and in a torrent, as follows: "Ah, my dear friend, this is the saddest day of my life. It is the anniversary of the death of Julius Caesar, mercilessly stabbed by a group of twenty-three men. The only surprising

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feature of his senseless assassination is that so few participated in it, for it was a stupid murder, and the world is so full of stupid men, so full!"

This is Brandes. He has spent his life telling the world it is inhabited by a stupid race. It may be difficult to refute his contention, but in making it he forgets that he himself has done nothing for seventy years but read and write. He is in this regard unlike any of his colleagues. He has never had a distinct vocation that absorbed his time. Taine, Gosse, Frederic Harrison, Saintsbury, such men have all been engaged at various periods of their lives in tasks that are not in and of themselves informative. Brandes has been a perpetual student. And he has not increased his popularity by informing people that, as measured by his standard, they are stupid.

His unparalleled familiarity with the thought of the world has made him so internationally minded that when some one has wished to win him to a purely national cause, he has balked, for the other side of the argument has invariably and immediately occurred to him. Early in the war, Clemenceau tried to induce him to come out unreservedly for France. He refused, on the ground that to do so would necessitate his insistence that Denmark declare war on Germany. He told Clemenceau that this would be "the last act of insanity." Clemenceau told him to be gone and informed him that he belonged to a "nation that was without pride." Brandes was indubitably the most neutral man in the world during the war, and neutrality will make any man hated.

In religious affairs he has offended all around. When debarred from Russia, ostensibly and apparently because of his Jewish origin, he said: "A Jew? Why to be sure, my parents were Jews, but I never attended the Synagogue in my life and never belonged to a Jewish organization of any kind!" This offended orthodox Hebrews. On the other hand, he has opposed woman suffrage on the ground that it would merely stiffen the back of the Catholic Church. He has argued that where one man goes to church there are ten women and to give these women the vote would vastly increase the power of the clerical party. That has offended the Catholics. And he has had his particular quarrel with the Danish Protestants.

Of the great spiritual leaders on whom he has written it is the human side he has endeavored to interpret. He has sought out small, or petty, traits in them that have escaped less searching students of human nature, or were passed over by them in silence to the end that their hero-worship might seem the more abundantly justified. In Faust, for example, the titular hero says:

> Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdetagen
> Nicht in Aeonen untergehen.

Quite right, say the Germans, and apply the same remark to Goethe himself, with the appended observation, that Goethe had a high regard for his countrymen and knew, at the same time, that they would hold his memory in unqualified esteem. Not at all, says Brandes in his Wolfgang Goethe, and points to the line in which Goethe speaks of the "dogs that will some time come and befoul my grave."

It is Brandes who is right. Goethe's esteem for his fellow citizens was low, so low indeed that it is much to be doubted whether he greatly desired their posthumous veneration. That he has enjoyed it however, at least since 1871, is due to a number of causes some of which are poles removed from all that passes under the name of literary history.

And finally, there are scholars, especially in academic circles, who believe that Brandes is a fraud. How, they ejaculate, is it possible for one man to write so much! They forget that Brandes has done nothing but write, and that when you have written the ninth biography it is infinitely easier to write the tenth than it was to write the first. They forget too that Brandes has never written a work of narrow, intense scholarship, that he has never spent years running down some source or positing a theory. Such work he has consistently left to specialists equipped for the task, though he has never hesitated to avail himself of their researches. He may be this or that to which the average run of the human family takes unkindly, but he is not a fraud.

But is the number of his enemies unusually large? By no means; he at least has as many friends as he has time to take care of. A private individual whose personal mail is delivered to him four times daily in a basket cannot be expected to sit at the speakers' table of all the world's public dinners. The trouble is, such enemies as he has had have been big ones. And of these, the biggest was Denmark of the seventies. His return to her was sealed by a lecture on Pagan Homer. Had he chosen to defend, say, Bishop Grundtvig, the incident would have been complete, as the world measures completeness and judges cases of this kind. But in actuality Brandes stands where he stood fifty years ago. It is Denmark that has moved up. The "revolutionary" became the guest of honor. So much evolution is rare within the life of one man. Brandes's is a case for unreserved admiration rather than for unstudied imitation.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mind in the Making

SIR: Neither Mr. James Harvey Robinson nor his book, The Mind in the Making, needs any defense from me. But in view of the article, Liberalism and Irrationalism, in the New Republic for May 17th, it occurs to me that, without a rejoinder, the liberality of the New Republic stands in need of defense. That a book whose theme is the importance of the "method of ideas"—the phrase is that of the book itself—in social affairs and which employs the historical method in showing how, against great natural and social odds, that method has successfully made its way in physical matters, should be held up to view as a specimen of an alliance of liberalism with irrationalism, I would have thought impossible. But the editorial in question accomplishes that impossibility. It accomplishes this result, however, by a method of interpretation which is hardly either rational or liberal.

Mr. Robinson of all the historians of the day approaches most nearly in temper and by training the men of the French Enlightenment of the eighteenth century. One might expect that he would be attacked, as they are, for a too implicit faith in the method of reason. But the article in question presents him as Exhibit A of a "prevailing ideophobia or distrust of reason." The ground assigned manifests a degree or intellectual unsophistication which one would not believe possible in these times of currency of psycho-analytic jargon. Mr. Robinson engages in a running polemic against "rationalization" in the psycho-analytic sense. This polemic is the evidence adduced of his "distrust of reason." It is incredible, but it is a fact. A man who attacks counterfeiters is clearly a man opposed to the circulation of honest money.

The article also adopts a method only too common among reviewers, in criticizing the book for what it expressly disclaims while ignoring what it actually set out to do. Mr. Robinson's professed devotion to creative thought is put at a discount because he gives nothing "positive and substantial" regarding its "methods and content" in application to social affairs. The book expressly proclaims abstinence from any such task. And the reason for this abnegation is given. The necessary antecedent for any defined social program is the conversion of a much larger number of persons to belief in the rôle and power of intelligence—"a change of heart and a chastened mood which will permit an increasing number of persons to see things as they are."

The article also criticizes the book because it fails to give an account of the method of natural science. This criticism is predicated on the statement that Mr. Robinson wishes to employ in social matters the methods of natural science. What Mr. Robinson says is something quite different, namely that the "mood and standards" of natural science should prevail in social matters. Nor does the fact that the initiators of modern science reverted to Pre-Socratic and Platonic conceptions militate in the least against the historic accuracy of Mr. Robinson's account of its beginnings. These men did call for a fresh start; they did attack the prevailing tradition, the Aristotelian, from the ground up. And Mr. Robinson himself points out that the Greek spirit was free and critical, while adding the historical truth that the modern world did not inherit Greek culture directly, but through the uses made of it in the mediaeval period, uses which necessitated the fresh start. The writer of the article may not believe that social "science" is now in the status in which natural philosophy was in the early seventeenth century. But belief that such is the case is no ground for accusation of either irrationalism or lack of knowledge of the history of natural science.

JOHN DEWEY.

New York City.

[A careful reading of the article complained of will show that Professor Dewey has misapprehended the points which we actually made. We did not contend that Professor Robinson throughout and consistently distrusts human reason or intelligence. On the contrary we expressly affirmed him to be a true liberal because of "his profession of faith in creative intelligence." But we also maintained—and we see no more reason in Professor Dewey's letter than in Professor Robinson's book for changing this view—that Professor Robinson has not, despite his fundamental faith in intelligence, escaped the withering influence of the prevailing irrationalism which has made his liberalism so unfruitful as to leave him no outlook on concrete issues such as those of politics and education except the inadequate hope of a general "change of heart" and conversion to the thin truism that all things change. It is the prevailing distrust of reason which prevents Professor Robinson from making any positive and helpful analysis of the ideas back of the methods or, if you prefer, the "mood and standard" of the physical sciences. Professor Dewey's letter ignores our specifications on this charge, viz. the demonstrable inaccuracy of Professor Robinson's repeated assertion (pp. 25, 154, 200) that modern science began with Francis Bacon, Descartes and Galileo resolving to escape from the past. This is the traditional account based in the main on the literary work of Bacon, but it finds no support in the great scientific works of the *sixteenth* and seventeenth cenuries. Not only Vessalius, Copernicus, Kepler and Harvey but also Descartes and Galileo were absolutely dependent on the works of their predecessors, on the continuity of the mathematical and, in the main, Neo-Platonic tradition which they did not originate or even revive. Professor Dewey's claim that these men attacked Arisotle is true only of very few. It is certainly not true of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who always refers to Aristotle with the greatest respect. But in any case attacking a prevailing philosophy does not make one scientific. The humanists of the fourteenth and fifteenth century had also attacked the authority of Aristotle. What distinguished the great pioneers of modern science was their faith in certain simple ideas and principles; and one who holds metaphysics in contempt, as does Professor Robinson (p. 102), shuts himself off from explaining these works even historically.

We do not see any reason for accepting as adequate Professor Dewey's claim that Professor Robinson's distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is that between counterfeit and genuine ones. The distinction seems to us clearly also coincident with that between logical grounds and psychologic motives (see pp. 42, 44, 58); and the contention that "good" or logical reasons have no value is decidedly typical of the current irrationalism, of which the popular use of psycho-analysis is an example.

We repeat, the attempt to prove or disprove general attitudes by the fragments of the past we call history is very dangerous. In his haste to prove things even an accomplished historian like Professor Robinson forgets to verify his references (see the dubious description of Bacon's Temporis Partus *Maximus*) and makes a statement about Democritos without consulting the accessible list of the latter's writings.

We are not forgetful of the merit of Professor Robinson's work in the cause of liberalism. But the reason for his limitations seem to us significant and fateful. As liberals we cannot, like conservatives or doctrinaire revolutionaries, put esprit de corps and party loyalty above loyalty to the cause of truth.—THE EDITORS.]

Can a Living Wage Be Paid?

SIR: In the May 3rd issue of The New Republic there appeared an article by George Soule entitled, Can a Living Wage be Paid? May I take this opportunity to register a few observations with respect to the data which Mr. Soule presents?

From the comparisons made as to average annual net income of certain corporations in recent years with that of the pre-inflation period, it is apparent that certain corporations were selected which serve the purpose best. No cognizance was taken of corporations showing losses. In 1919, according to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, 34.5 percent of the total number of corporations filing a return, involving almost 12 percent of

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the total gross corporate income returnable, reported no net income for that year. Aside from the question of representativeness, the author of the article overlooks the huge increases in capitalization and investment that took place in the interim between 1912 and the present time. Certainly a return on these heavy increases of investment is justified. That large increases in capitalization occurred in the war period cannot be denied. This was due to construction of war equipment and increase in productive capacity. Increases in capacity of plants had been going on before the war and capacity would have continued to expand, war or no war. A study recently made by the Harvard Committee of Economic Research regarding steel consumption in the pre-war period showed that present capacity is appr ximately what it should have been had consumption increased at the pre-war rate.

To deduce from figures of new capital issues and new incorporations that over-capitalization has resulted is highly questionable. First, total capital issues include amounts for refunding, which in all probability were very high in post-war years because of inability to pay off maturing obligations. Hence the figures of increase are highly exaggerated. Second, at a much higher price level than that which existed in 1913 and in view of the increased production capacity, is it not to be expected that there would be a higher percentage of increase in total capital issues? Third, the large increase in capitalization of *new* incorporations merely signifies that under present operating conditions and in view of the necessities of world competition, new corporations found it advantageous to start with large sums of capital rather than with limited funds.

The writer of the article hurls his broadsides against the policy of saddling permanent charges on industry but he entirely overlooks collateral circumstances. During the war, railroads, public utilities and other industries whose income was limited by statute or whose earning powers were very low were forced to issue bonds. They had no alternative. Many industrial companies issued short term notes in preference to bonds, feeling that a turn in the tide would enable them to pay off these obligations at an early date. Parenthetically it may be stated that the majority of the issues contain the privilege of redemption or conversion at an early date and hence it cannot be said that the condition is a permanent one.

Great emphasis is placed on the fact that "money made or invested in fifty-cent dollars is prepared to draw interest and dividends in seventy-five-cent or one hundred-cent dollars" but the writer of the article ignores the huge investments made before the war in one hundred-cent dollars and payments of interest and principal in forty-cent and fifty-cent dollars during the past seven or eight years. Apparently there is little commiseration for the bond holders whose incomes are fixed and whose consuming powers have rapidly been dwindling during the entire period of the war and in the post-armistice period.

From the fact that interest and dividend payments in 1921 were twice those in 1913, the conclusion is formed that capital continued to draw more than its regular return in 1921. This proposition cannot withstand critical analysis. First, it is overlooked that a billion dollars of interest on Liberty Loans are included in the latest figures, which did not exist in 1913. Before the war, savings banks were practically the only source of investment of the surplus of wage earners; during the war huge investments were made by workers in government bonds and in industrial securities. Interest on savings bank deposits was not included in 1913 payment of dividends and interest, but in 1921 the interest on deposits which were withdrawn and used in purchasing bonds and stocks are included in the totals. Second, interest and dividend payments in 1921 include returns on investments for war equipment and for large extensions during the eight years that have elapsed since 1913. The fundamental question is, did each dollar of investment in 1921 yield a higher return than that in 1913, and I seriously doubt that a positive reply can be made. Comparison of aggregates without investigation of their composition leads to nothing as far as conclusions go.

The statement that eighteen to twenty percent of the national income was saved and reinvested by capital owners in 1921, despite the severe depression, is open to serious question. Corporate losses in 1921 were extremely high and the passing of dividends was a by no means infrequent occurrence. The fact of the matter is that depression usually stimulates savings; particularly is this true on the part of salaried and full-time workers. Hence, there were more idle funds. Furthermore, a very large number of corporations had their working capital unemployed because of the business depression, which they invested in the new securities that were being floated.

The writer of the article raised many issues which he fails to dispose of successfully or which run counter to sound economic thinking. Is a clerk, trader or broker unproductive? What difference does it make whether we produce goods for domestic consumption or for foreign consumption? Does it logically follow that if we are an exporting nation and our increased production flows to foreign countries, we are in a worse position than if all our products were consumed at home? It is admitted that there was an abnormal consumption of luxuries during the war, but this was a concomitant of high wages as well as high profits. Profiteering was discernible on both sides of the factory balance sheet. The year 1921 showed a decided reaction.

Researches conducted by the National Bureau of Economic Research, a non-partisan and highly reputable organization, under the direction of Professor Mitchell of Columbia University, indicate that as the war progressed the share of labor in the net value of product of mines, factories and land transportation increased while the share of management and property declined to approximately 23 percent in 1918 as compared with 28 percent in 1913.

May I also call attention to a few statistical errors appearing in the article? Fifteen billions were added to the corporate surplus in the period 1913-1920 instead of seventeen billions as given in the article. Also, the statement that the national income in 1921 dropped to forty billions probably represents a very poor guess. A study of the various indices of research agencies certainly would not warrant so heavy a reduction in the national income as the figures quoted by the writer of the article would seem to indicate.

In conclusion, may I state there are a few fundamental considerations to be borne in mind. First, if capital receives no adequate return, it will not flow into American industry; it will seek an outlet elsewhere, where the return is adequate. Capital and savings represent sacrifices on somebody's part, whether it be that of the present holder or the progenitor of the present possessor. No sacrifice will be made unless there is an adequate material consideration to follow. Second, if wages are raised without increasing productivity, costs of consumption goods and services will simply be increased pari passu with the result that the worker will be no better off than heretofore. The only way through which real wages can be enhanced is through increased output per man per working unit and efforts should be made in the direction of distributing equitably this excess productivity.

L. R. GOTTLIEB.

New York City.

[There are two comments to be made on Mr. Gottlieb's criticism: first, that he is mistaken as to some of his facts; second, that he does not unde stand the argument of the article.

It is not true that no cognizance was taken of corporations showing losses. An estimate for losses, made by the National Bureau of Economic Research, was deducted before the total income of corporations was stated for the years under consideration. As to the group of selected corporations, they include all those over a certain size in basic industries whose income accounts are published in standard reports. It is not true that refunding issues were included in the total of capital issues, or in the total assigned for new bond issues during the period. Hence, the figures of increase are not exaggerated. It is not true that investments in Liberty and Victory Bonds were largely made out of savings bank deposits owned by workers; by far the larger part of these bonds are in denominations of $1,000 or over, and the savings banks' accounts show no depletion comparable to the expansion of the government debt—in fact they show no depletion at all. Similar misstatements are made in almost every paragraph of the letter.

Now as to the argument. There can be no doubt about the tremendous expansion of capital investment during and after the war. There can be no doubt that this great increase in investment was made possible because of very large profits. There can be no doubt that the accumulation of these profits was largely due, not to increased volume of physical production, but to a level of wholesale prices which rose much faster, during at least the first half of the period, than either wages or retail prices.

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This means that the profits were made largely at the expense of the workers and the consuming public in general. To say that the workers finally recovered their former level of real wages, or a little higher, at the peak, just before the disastrous collapse of wages and employment in 1920-21, does not alter this fact.

The capital increase in money must be an expression of one or both of two factors—an expansion in physical plant or an over-capitalization. Insofar as it expresses an expansion in physical plant, it ought to make possible the production of more goods. The workers ought to benefit by such increased production, in the form of higher real wages, insofar as increased plant is used f r the production of goods which they buy. But an analysis of production shows that, in the first place, it did not increase anywhere near so rapidly as the increase in dollar capital, and that, in the second place, the slightly increased production did not go into goods which the workers buy. We must, therefore, infer that the capital increase is in part over-capitalization. We find that as a matter of fact the owners of this capital have been drawing as much benefit from it, in the shape of enlarged dividends and interest, as if it had actually been working to its full capacity in production. This was true even in the depression year of 1921. It is interesting to note also that dividend and interest payments so far in 1922 are larger than for the same period in 1921.

It is difficult to see how, on the basis of these facts, it can be denied that a steadily increasing level of real wages can and should be paid. Insofar as the added investment represents new plant, it can be utilized for making consumption goods only by increasing and stabilizing the purchasing power of wage-earners. Insofar as it does not represent new plant, simple justice dictates that it should not be made the means of a larger share of the national income going to corporation owners.—G. S.]

VERSE

Concert Pitch

Take then the music, plunge in the thickest of it,
Thickest, darkest, richest: call it a forest,
A million boles of trees, with leaves, leaves,
Golden and green, flashing like scales in the sun,
Tossed and torn in the tempest, whirling and streaming,
With the terrible sound, beneath, of boughs that crack . . .
Again, a hush comes; and the wind's a whisper.
One leaf gone pirouetting. You stand in the dusk,
In the misty shaft of light the sun flings faintly
Through planes of green, and suddenly, out of the darkest
And deepest and farthest of the forest, wavers
That golden horn, cor anglais, husky-timbred,
Sending through all that gloom of trees and silence
Its faint half-mute nostalgia . . . How the soul
Flies from the dungeon of you to the very portals
To meet that sound! There, there is the secret
Singing out of the darkness,—shining, too,
For all we know, if we could only see! . . .
But if we steal by footpaths, warily,—
Snap not a twig, nor crush a single leaf;
Or if, in a kind of panic, like wild beasts,
We rend our headlong way through vines and briars,
We crash through a coppice, tear our flesh, come bleeding
To a still pool, encircled, brooded over
By ancient trees—all's one! We reach but silence,
We find no horn, no hornsman . . . There the beeches
Out of the lower dark of ferns and mosses
Lift far above their tremulous tops to the light.
Only an echo have we of that horn,
Cor anglais, golden, husky-timbred, crying
Half-mute nostalgia from the dusk of things . . .
Then, as we stand bewildered in that wood,
With leaves above us in sibilant confusion,
And the ancient ghosts of leaves about our feet—
Listen!—the horn once more, but farther now,
Sings in the evening for a wing-beat space;
Makes the leaves murmur, as it makes the blood
Burn in the heart and all its radiant veins;
And we turn inward, to seek it once again.

Or, it's a morning in the blue portal of summer.
White shoals of little clouds, like heavenly fish,
Swim softly off the sun, who rains his light
On the vast hurrying earth. The giant poplar
Sings in the light with a thousand sensitive leaves,
Root-tip to leaf-tip he is all delight:
And, at the golden core of all that joy,
One sinister grackle with a thievish eye
Scrapes a harsh cynic comment. How he laughs,
Flaunting amid that green his coffin-colour!
We, in the garden, a million miles below him,
At paltry tasks of pruning, spading, watching
Blade-striped bees crawl into foxglove bells
Half-filled with dew—look! we are lightly startled
By sense or sound: are moved: lose touch with earth:
And, in the twinking of a grackle's eye,
Swing in the infinite on a spider's cable.
What is our world? It is a poplar tree
Immense and solitary, with leaves a thousand,
Or million, countless, flashing in a light
For them alone intended. He is great,
His trunk is solid, and his roots deceive us.
We shade our eyes with hands, and upward look
To see if all those leaves indeed be leaves,—
So rich they are in a choiring down of joy,—
Or stars. And as we stand so, small and dumb,
We hear again that harsh derisive comment,
The grackle's laughter; and again we see
His thievish eye, aware amid green boughs . . .
Touch earth again, take up your shovel, dig
In the wormy ground! That tree magnificent
Sways like a giant dancer in a garment
Whose gold and green are nought but tricks of light
And at the heart of all that drunken beauty
Is a small lively cynic bird who laughs.

Who sees the vision coming? Who can tell
What moment out of time will be the seed
To root itself, as swift as lightning roots
Into a cloud, and grow, swifter than thought,
And flower gigantic in the infinite? . . .
Walk softly through your forest, and be ready
To hear the horn of horns. Or in your garden
Stoop, but upon your back be ever conscious
Of sunlight, and a shadow that may grow.

CONRAD AIKEN.

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Books and Things

TO have made a subject your own is to find yourself, thenceforward, whenever you espy another man approaching it, in one of two attitudes, both of them unjust. Either your superior information goes to your head, and you break out in wholesale and retail censure of the intruder, or else you are so grateful to him for reminding you of a beloved time or person or place that you are blind and dumb to his shortcomings.

In the smoking room of a boat I once scraped acquaintance with a middle-aged man who had mistaken all women to be his province, and who night after night showed his knowledge. All the evening he would sit at the table he regarded as his table, nor ever lacked listeners, mostly youthful and changing listeners, through any knot of our way across the Atlantic. Firmly did he repress, implacably did he ignore, omnisciently did he set right everybody who tried to tell him anything about women. He was a man of many impressive beginnings. His best and most prognathically delivered speech began like this: "Passion, in woman, commences at the age of twenty-nine." Spoken slowly.

As high as that gyneolater rated his knowledge of women, so high do I rate mine of Switzerland. High, I mean, when I compare it with such knowledge as most other American book reviewers possess of those ozonic cantons, than which I have yet to see a country more stimulating to one's legs But the bias that living in Switzerland has given me is the grateful sojourner's, not the repulsive omniscient's. To this day I cannot pick up a new Swiss guide book without an impulse to bid its author welcome; to thank him, by praising what he has done, for making me think of old friends and old times.

So I am sorry I cannot praise How to See Switzerland, a Practical Guide, by Frederick Dossenbach (New York: G. E. Stechert. $2.50). Sorry for another reason, too, since Mr. Dossenbach is of an innocence rare among persons old enough to get into print. Hear him on Winter in Switzerland: "And while all rejoice over this initial phase of the season of white, another event follows closely the first—a myriad of snowflakes suddenly decide on their opening ball. How swiftly they dance, how merrily they chase each other! Like ever so many butterflies they descend on the ground and when the morning sun rises above the clearly outlined silhouettes of the mountains we behold a new world, a fairyland of resplendent magnificence." So many pages, 90 out of 285, are given to railway fares, to hotels and their prices, that the author gives only half a line to Evolena and part of a line and a half to Zinal. It is to consider Zinal and Evolena too incuriously to consider them so.

Baedeker is still, to the best of my information and belief, the best guide to Switzerland. I haven't seen the new edition, published this year or last, but I have no doubt it is as good for our day as its predecessors were for theirs. The earliest Baedeker in my library is a French translation of the second edition, and is dated 1854. That was somewhat before my time, but the book reads as though it were up to its date. The translator, M. Girard, a professor in the University of Bâle, praised Karl Baedeker as an "observateur impartial, esprit pratique, voyageur infatigable et homme de goût." Justly did M. Girard say of K. B. that "il a trouvé le secret de ce milieu dans lequel un manuel doit rester, pour n'être ni un livre superficiel, ni une oeuvre de science." My collection of Baedekers being incomplete, I can't say when some member of the Baedeker family composed that sentence which has embellished so many of the later editions: "Over all the movements of the traveller the weather holds despotic sway." I cannot find the equivalent of this in my 1854 copy, but it does contain one maxim that generations of Baedekers have not tired of: "Chi va piano va sano; chi va sano va lontano." Of the emendations which a roving textual critic notices not all are improvements. At the end of the walker's day, we read in modern Baedekers, "a substantial meal (evening tâble-d'hôte at the principal hotels) may be partaken of." The older text says of the walker, more simply: "Son souper sera copieux." Some of the changes in words are due to the disappearance of things. Gone is "le thé Anglais, à 8 h. du soir, avec pain, beurre et viande."

As a student of Baedeker, as an admirer of his phrases, I yield to a friend of mine with whom I used to take Swiss walks. His knowledge of English seemed to have been acquired exclusively from Baedeker, whom my friend rather oddly preferred not to read in either of his native tongues. He hoped that Bonivard had found the Castle of Chillon "suitable for a prolonged stay." He pronounced the goat's milk we drank in the Loetschenthal "trying, for adepts only." He said it would "repay a robust and steady-headed expert to go as far as" a third bottle of Yvorne. The one English church service in summer that he sampled struck him as "very fatiguing, but without danger for proficients," and to him English curates were "the enemies of repose." For aught I could tell he said these things without humorous intent. Which was just as well.

The greatest of all Baedeker's sentences, from my point of view, is this: "Most travellers err in giving too large gratuities." It cannot be quite true, for gratuities of a size given by most travellers will not long remain too large. True or untrue, however, the sentence goes to my heart. I never read it without pride. For a month we had been staying, my family and I, at a hotel where we had often stayed. Its owner, a Hollander, and his wife, a Belgian, were by that time old acquaintances. When the day came for us to go I made out a list of persons to be tipped and of amounts to be given. Then I asked the proprietor and his wife to make each a similar list, without consultation, to be compared with mine. You may conceive my self-satisfaction when we found that the average of my tips was a little lower than his average and a little higher than hers. This expertness had been learned by two years of hit-or-miss Swiss tipping, and learned too late, for I was soon to leave Switzerland.

Not to leave for good, I hope, the land where I have walked longest and breathed deepest in pleasant company. Shall I see them again, those old friends, before we are grown too old for them to yank me up places that they found easy? Not all of them. One was too old the day we first met him, waiting for us on a foreland near the Val de Bagnes. "My wife saw you and told me of your coming," he said. "She said to me, They are strangers who have lost their way. Go and meet them. So I came. Of what country are you, sir? Of England? And you, sir, an American? I knew a countryman of yours who came here because he had fallen sick. And his doctors had told him to bathe in pure and quiet waters. And he did so in this valley. And he was cured. Last summer? No, not last summer. It was—let me see—it was eighteen years ago. . . . You are far travellers, gentlemen. And I too have travelled in my youth. I have been, yes, as far as Chamounix."

P. L.

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Biography, Adulation and Criticism

My Boyhood, by John Burroughs, with an introduction by his son Julian Burroughs. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

The Life of Donald G. Mitchell, Ik Marvel, by Waldo H. Dunn. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. $4.50.

American Portraits, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.50.

I SUPPOSE that the use of the terms Biography and Criticism as though they were not different names for the same process, is partly because in one case the process is applied to books and in the other to personalities, and partly because most alleged biographical writing falls so far short of what it ought to be. People do not generally enough remember the pertinence of Hennequin's conclusion that criticism is the science of the personal equation. Whether a man is recorded in his living or in his writing makes no difference on the surface, and under the surface it makes only the difference that as his living is mostly unconscious and his writing mostly calculated, the challenge to the critical powers of the biographer is doubled and the problems of selection and evaluation multiplied many times.

The equations that Hennequin alluded to were primarily, of course, that of the man written about, and hardly less important, that of the man writing. Each of them is made up of more or less determinable x's and y's and z's; the highest common factor is the chief determinant of the point of view; and the lowest common multiple is the biographical resultant, which depends chiefly on the degree of acumen of the biographer and the degree of detachment with which he is able to approach and follow through his task. When the chronicler is almost completely the product of the man chronicled, a Boswell's Johnson is turned out; a mutual hatred of a smug conventionalism results in a Strachey's interpretation of a Florence Nightingale; an eager desire to preempt claims in the newly opened and undeveloped territory of psycho-analysis leads excursionists like Brooks and Anthony to stake out and offer stock in the Mark Twain sheep-ranch or the Margaret Fuller gold-mine. And always before the product is actually completed a third personal equation must be reckoned with—that of the reader. If it is a hard matter to write a good biography, it is, or ought to be, an adventure to read one.

Here, for example, are two kindly American octogenarians, John Burroughs and Donald Grant Mitchell. Both were casual witnesses of the country's coming of age; neither was an active participant in affairs; both were in some measure attached to the soil, and neither was wholly dependent upon it; both were quietly independent in conduct and conviction, but neither was in any sense a radical; both were inclined to speculate on life and to accept the universe; both were immaculate in character and enriched in later years with honor, love, obedience, troops of friends; both were prolific in authorship, and both relatively undistinguished "good Americans." Granting all the distinctions between the lesser Mitchell and the greater Burroughs, one might expect something like comparable estimates from their spiritual heirs. But no.

We owe the little informal volume My Boyhood to John Burroughs' son Julian. It is addressed to him and was evidently written at his request. It has not an exact title, though it has so little system that one would be hard to find. It begins with a general foreword, rambles on pleasantly through early farm experiences, mentions halfway along that he was seventh in a family of ten, comes to his birth toward the end, later discusses his great-grandfather and other forebears, and ends, as far as the direct reminiscence goes, with comments on the countryside in which his boyhood was spent, and a charming passage about the springs on the old farm. It is the casual talk of the old naturalist with the visitors for whom he was never too busy at West Park or at Slabsides. "I have had no grouch, I have not wanted the earth. I am pessimistic by night; but by day I am a confirmed optimist, and it is the days that have stamped my life. I have found this planet a good corner of the universe to live in, and I am not in a hurry to exchange it for any other."

To pass from the simple, uninflated recollections of the old man to a second part of the book entitled My Father offers a dubious prospect to the reader who feels that John Burroughs would survive in his affections without the help of filial tribute. But the first paragraph of the tribute is reassuring: "The earliest recollection that I have of Father was of one spring day when he was chasing and stoning the cat, who had caught a blue-bird. I remember . . . the speed and strength with which Father pursued her, and the language he used, language that impressed me, at least, if not the cat, and which discredited the cat and her ancestry as well."

He is a human and credible father,—affectionate, carefree, improvident, irascible, and on the whole thoroughly amiable. The picture smacks of genuineness because the son does not see fit to cover up homely frictions or the traces of them. It is critical because it contains real details of daily life and lets them stand for what they are worth. John Burroughs was not a demi-god, but he was a real man who lived on the slopes of Parnassus. Moreover, the slopes were honestly rock-sprinkled. He had none of the desire of the "nature-lover" to paint the lily. He did not ecstacise over the world out of doors, though as a "finder-out-of-things" he tried to understand its behavior. He derived much more from Calvin than he did from Rousseau; he is the very last of men to turn to for sentimentalism.

Nature was the farm, and the farm was a work-place. The oxen kinking their tails, humping their backs, and throwing their weight against a boulder they were pulling out of a field to lodge in a stone-wall, were a subject missed by the painters. The relaxed freshness of a late summer day, after a cooling shower offered a good time for odd jobs. He was the logical descendant of "a line of farmers with a decidedly religious bent." He abjured their grim theology, but not their rectitude. He retained the warmer quality of their mysticism, but tempered it with science. There is not word of praise or of self-praise in the book.

And now for Donald Grant Mitchell as presented by Professor Dunn. Mitchell was a Connecticut boy and man. His father was an old-line Congregational clergyman; his mother of a little less sober heritage. He was one of nine children, born within sixteen years. At the age of eight he was shipped off to boarding-school, never to return home. At seventeen he was orphaned, and a student at Yale under the guardianship of a practical uncle who could not understand him, but who hoped for the

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best. Up to this time his experiences were generally comparable to those of Herman Melville's during the same years. He was to have foreign travel, too, not before the mast and to the South Seas, but in first cabin and to Paris; and he was to become an author, too, not of Moby Dick but of The Fudge Papers and the lucubrations from the Editor's Easy Chair, and of Dream Life and Reveries of a Bachelor. For more than fifty years he lived on an ample estate just outside of New Haven, modeling it on English lines. From here he wrote much in the fashion of Irving, and he died at the age of eighty-six, leaving behind him many gracious memories, a definitive edition of his works, and six portraits.

From a careful reading of Professor Dunn's expansive book a few salient facts emerge about the personal equations of the subject and the author. The first is that Ik Marvel belonged to New England and seldom forgot it. He was, he wrote, "more and more convinced that that little corner of country called, after its strong Saxon nurse, New England, (you will excuse in me a little leaning pride of birthright) is in everything that goes to make happy and contented the great mass of population, the most unmatchable piece of earth that the sun shines upon." This bit of ingrowing provincialism can be matched only by that of Uncle Tom's Stepmother—a daughter of the same state —with her remark that "New England was the seed-bed of this great American Republic, and of all that is likely to come of it."

The second is that he was true to his birthright. In his Yale valedictory on The Dignity of Learning he urged that education in America should seek a higher dignity by a more intimate alliance with morality. "That," says his biographer, "was the early expression of a hope born of a deep-seated healthfulness of mind and purity of spirit."

But it appears from further testimony that the healthfulness was rather of the hypochondriac than of Hercules. "He never wrote a sentence that he would have wished to blot out through fear of its harmful influence upon an impressionable mind. His children tell me that in his home he was scrupulously careful to avoid even the suggestion of evil. . . . I have particularly in mind his dislike of the nude in painting and sculpture." I see no need of quarreling with tastes and reticences like those of Mr. Mitchell, when they are expressed as his were, without any attempt at general censorship. There is plenty of room for self-conscious chasteness in this self-consciously naughty day. Mr. Mitchell's attitude was quite like that of Mr. Howells toward Mark Twain's letters, which he could not quite bear to burn, although he could not, on the other hand, after first reading, quite bear to look at them again.

And this leads to the third fact that appears in the "Life": that he had arrived at a very fair estimate of his own value, a much fairer one than that of his young apostle. Yale's tender of an LL.D. slightly amused him; but, he wrote to his wife, "as an evidence of kindly feeling, and testimony to general sobriety of conduct, it is pleasant." It is a pity that Professor Dunn should have attempted to perch him on the dizzy peak of Ossa-topped Pelion. The biographer's elevation of spirit at the achievement of a great work as recorded in the preface, might possibly have stood before Carlyle's Frederick the Great or Masson's Milton. And when he says at the end of the opening chapter, "To write the biography of such a man is to grow toward noble endeavor; to read it is to learn the sweetness and the simplicity that make life truly great," we are reminded of Macaulay's sage comment at the close of the essay which made him famous, "We think there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect, than that prospensity, which, for want of a better name, we shall venture to christen Boswellism."

The third of the personal equations is the most important one in Gamaliel Bradford's American Portraits, that of the reader, for these portraits are not primarily biography, but the impressions that biographies have produced on a single observer. One looks at a portrait for the likeness, if the subject is an acquaintance, and for technical artistry if the subject is a stranger,—in either case for skill in interpretation. However, to use two of the author's favorite attributives, it is "curious" that "precisely" on these grounds Mr. Bradford's portraits are unsatisfying. The artist's personality that appears in the portraits is more insistent than impressive. As he confesses in his prefatory remarks, he has undertaken a vast historical painting, which on the present scale will include no less than fifty-six heads; they are to be "representative figures in all the various lines of life." He seems to be striving for the sober faithfulness of a Washington Allston and for the vivacity of Barton's Chauve-Souris curtain. He hopes to cover American history, but he covers it so thick with portraits that there is no sight of any background. The task needs the incisive powers of a Hogarth, but too often falls to the hortatory methods of the Reverend Dr. Trusler who published Hogarth Moralized for the edification of a godless and immoral public.

The portrait of Mark Twain, to discuss in detail only one, and the first one of the collection, is bafflingly indeterminate. At the outset, says Mr. Bradford, "When I was a boy of fourteen, Mark Twain took hold of me as no other book (sic) had then and few have since. . . . I laughed till I cried. . . . The criticism of life . . . set me thinking as I had never thought before, and for several years colored my maturing reflection in a way that struck deep and lasted long." This sounds like commendation, but at the end he declares, "It took years to shake off the withering blight which Mark's satire cast for me over the whole art of Europe. For years he spoiled for me some of the greatest sources of relief and joy." This sounds like condemnation. Mr. Bradford may have had the latter statement in mind when he wrote the opening one; but if he did, he kept it so deeply in the back of his mind that the reader feels that he put feet of clay on his image of gold as a sort of casual afterthought.

"As to his theoretical conclusions," says Mr. Bradford, "it may be said that they were nihilistic." It ought to be said that they were agnostic, that from the time "when he became aware of his reasoning powers" he labored painfully to save the faith he could not maintain from the reasoning that he could not gainsay. This was his tragedy, written all through his later works. Mr. Howells wrote too truly, in a book that Mr. Bradford never cites, "It is in vain that I try to give a notion of the intensity with which he pierced to the heart of life; and the breadth of vision with which he compassed the whole world, and tried for the reason of things, and then left trying." Nor does Mr. Bradford say anywhere with reference to Mark Twain or Henry Adams or Sidney Lanier or Grover Cleveland or Henry James that each in his way was involved in that conflict between faith and fact that has affected every thinking man since the days of the Oxford

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Movement. He says nothing, either, of Mark Twain's social courage, admits that he read The Ordeal after completing the portrait, states that it did not affect his own original conception, but concedes, "I shall never be sure that, if I had read Mr. Brooks first, my portrait would not have been different—and better." Neither, one ventures to guess, will most of his readers.

Mr. Bradford has been compared to Mr. Strachey as a technician, but the comparison does not hold. There is a solidity in the single portraits of the former and a solidarity in his work as a whole that the latter does not achieve. Mr. Bradford is an impressionist who turns his hand to Flemish painting; but he has not the patience to study his subjects. And how can he have it with the prospect of fifty commissions ahead of him?

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Memoirs of a Midget

Memoirs of a Midget, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

MEMOIRS of a Midget is a problem novel, the problem in part consisting of the physical relations which would exist between a human being a foot or two tall (Mr. de la Mare never gives us the exact measurements) and a world scaled to the rest of humanity; and in part of the spiritual attitude of such a being in such a world. It is thus a work of ingenuity, of ratiocination. As in the case of Gulliver among the Brodingnagians, the terms on which a being can maintain itself in association with creatures of the same species four or six times as large, are calculated to a nicety. But more than this is the fate of the soul embarked on life in such a minute vessel. For what port can it set its course with any hope of attainment?

As to the first, it must be admitted that, after all, the difficulties of physical existence for the heroine remain her own affair. We do not share them, or experience them in her place. We remain on the outside with the gaping crowd which follows her on the street or with the more courteous amateurs who gather about her in the drawing room, amused, but not moved by her predicament. Even the tragic episode when the tiny being discovers her mother dying, and cannot with her light voice rouse the house and dares not attempt to descend the stairs down which she has always been carried—even this does not take us out of the attitude of spectators. In the case of Gulliver, we perch with him on Glumdalclitch's finger because he is one of us; but Miss M. remains a curio. The situation, however, is sustained with unobtrusive skill. The closeness of the midget to the earth, her immediate kinship with the lesser life that goes on there, her sensitiveness to scents and sounds, her adventures among flora and fauna which appeared to her in tropic magnitude, these are true to scale in physical and mental values. "How fortunate I was!" Miss M. is once moved to exclaim in comparing herself with Mrs. Bowater. "If only she could have seen the lowlier plants as I could—scarcely looking down on any, and of the same stature as some among the taller of them, so that the air around me was dyed and illumined with their clear colour, and burthened with their breath." It was a sure instinct that led Mr. de la Mare to give his midget her supreme delight in the stars, for in their magnificence and distance, the dimensions which divided her from human kind became as nothing. "Night after night. . . . I would summon these magic shiners each by name— Bellatrix, huge Betelgeuse, Aldebaran, and the rest. . . . I would look at one, and while so doing, watch another. This not only isolated the smaller stars, but gradually I became aware that they were one and all furtively signalling to *me*. About a fortnight later the Dogstar topped the horizon fringe of woodland. I heard myself shout at him across the world."

In the story of Miss M's relations to the human beings who surround her, Mr. de la Mare is equally clairvoyant. The immediate and prevailing attitude of the world toward her is curiosity, and to protect her personality against this devastating influence of her environment is her chief preoccupation. When she is forced to recognize her complete dependence on one resource, i. e. her uncanny likeness to the beings about her with a single enormous difference, her exploitation of her position becomes the tragic motive of her life. Love comes to her in the grotesque passion of the hunchback dwarf, Mr. Anon, but she cannot take it. "A pair of them! how quaint! how romantic! how *touching!* I saw myself—gossamer veil, dwarfed orange-blossoms, and gypsophile bouquet, all complete. . . . Possibly Percy would be persuaded to 'give me away.' And what a gay little sniggling note in the Morning Post." It comes also in her quite girlish and feminine devotion to Fanny Bowater, and is met with scorn and betrayal. It is with a touch of irony that Mr. de la Mare sets the two girls to read Wuthering Heights. Miss M. recognizes its fitness. "To me this book was like the kindling of a light in a strange house; and that house my mind." Her memoirs have something of the strange quality of Emily Brontë's tale, the effect of being realistically in this world and yet romantically not of it—and in Fanny Bowater we recognize a trace of Heathcliffe's diabolism. Miss M. herself, in her situation, touching life and yet incredibly remote from it, reminds one of the Brontë sisters on their Yorkshire Moors. And it is not surprising to find in the tone of her narrative throughout a likeness to Charlotte Brontë's rhetorical heroines. The occasion which she chronicles may be pathetically trivial, but her response to it is tragically magnificent. "'I am your friend,' said I, 'and that is why I will not, I *will* not, give way to you.' It was hardly friendship that gleamed out of the wide eyes then. But mine the victory—a victory in which only a tithe of the spoils, unrecognized by the vanquished, had fallen to the victor." And when as the last word of this spiritual pilgrimage Miss M. declares: "My work has taught me this too—not to fret so foolishly as I once did, at being small and insignificant in body, to fear a great deal more remaining pygmy-minded and pygmy-spirited," she is but quoting Milton's "It is not so wretched to be blind as not to be capable of enduring blindness," just as Jane Eyre might have done.

It is impossible not to notice the literary affiliations of Memoirs of a Midget, for, after all, the book is a work of literature. It is literary in its inspiration and its craftmanship. It is a problem carefully set and delicately worked out—a criticism of life by adroitly masked suggestion and subtly devised second intention, a composition in which poetry is mingled with reality, and irony with pity. It is life in terms of an artist's conception—a tour de force of the studio. The author brought to its writing the genius which is long patience and its readers must bring this same virtue. Verily, they shall have their reward.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Russia Through Various Eyes

My Reminiscences of The Russian Revolution, by M. Phillips Price. London: George Allen and Unwin.

Through The Russian Revolution, by Albert Rhys Williams. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Marooned in Moscow, by Marguerite E. Harrison. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00.

With The Russian Army, 1914-1917, by Major-General Sir Alfred Knox. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $15.00.

The Russian Revolution, by William Z. Foster. Chicago: The Trade Union Educational League. 50c.

Lenin, by M. A. Landau-Aldanov. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

Japanese Intervention in The Russian Far East; and A Short Outline of the History of The Far Eastern Republic. Published by the Special Delegation of the Far Eastern Republic to The United States of America, Washington, D. C.

IT was inevitable that such a profound unheaval as the Russian Revolution should excite strong and varied reactions in the foreign observers who witnessed some phase of its development. This collection of recent books on Russia represents viewpoints about the Revolution which range from enthusiastic admiration to bitter hostility. To use the convenient jargon of European parliamentarism, the symposium includes three spokesmen of the Left, two of the Right and one who may fairly be called a Centrist.

From the historical standpoint, Mr. Price has written decidedly the best work that has yet appeared in English on the Russian Revolution. He is able to give a consecutive firsthand account of the events which took place from March, 1917, to December, 1918; for he was in Russia continuously during this period as correspondent for the Manchester Guardian. He saw perhaps as much of the Revolution as any foreigner could see. His knowledge of Russian made him independent of the services of propagandist interpreters. He did not make the mistake of spending all his time in Moscow and Petrograd, but travelled much in the country districts.

The personal form in which Mr. Price has chosen to put his work does not impair its high value as a reasonably complete documentary history of the first eighteen months of the Revolution. A few important events, like the Kornilov revolt, which did not come under his direct observation, are hastily and briefly dismissed. But the work as a whole is a very adequate chronicle of the period with which it deals. It is especially valuable for the intimate light it throws upon the darkest, the most critical and perhaps the most heroic period of the Russian Revolution, the summer and autumn of 1918. At this time Russia was almost literally cut off from the outside world, most of the foreigners who had witnessed the early stages of the Revolution had left, and the Allied censorship saw to it that no news unfavorable to the projected intervention was permitted to filter out of Russia.

The position of the Soviet government during this period was little short of desperate. The grain producing regions of the Ukraine were occupied and policed by the Germans. The Cossack General Krasnov was pushing northward from the Don. The Czecho-Slovaks, as Mr. Price proves with abundant evidence, were bribed and bullied by the Allies into cooperating with Russian reactionaries in an uprising which temporarily cut Moscow and Petrograd off from the wheat lands of western Siberia and the lower Volga. Open foreign aid to the counter-revolution was not lacking. Allied troops seized Russia's two chief points of contact with the outside world: Archangel and Vladivostok.

How the Russian workers defended their government in this crisis, how the hurriedly organized Red Army beat the counter-revolutionists on every front, how the Soviet Republic was saved from apparently certain destruction, all this makes a dramatic story; and Mr. Price tells it extremely well. He recreates for the imaginative reader a period of Russian history which, in its heroism and sacrifice, as well as in its darker episodes of mob hatred and terrorism, strongly suggests the memory of revolutionary France repulsing the assaults of the reactionary world in 1792 and 1793.

Mr. Price's narrative is an essential aid to the understanding of the Russian Revolution; and it is to be hoped that the work will some day be available in an American edition.

Albert Rhys Williams saw the Revolution in its most colorful and fluid stage, when street-fighting and speech-making had not yet given way to the more difficult and prosaic problems of political and economic administration. What he writes is a remarkably vivid and faithful emotional reflection of this early spontaneous phase of the movement. His narrative is dominated by the crowd psychology, it suggests nothing so much as a vast moving picture of the Russian masses in action.

The most brilliant and effective chapters in the book are descriptions of crowd scenes: the storming of the Winter Palace, the fight in the Telephone Exchange, the burial of the Vladivostok longshoremen who fell fighting against the foreign invaders. Better than any other American observer, Mr. Williams catches and mirrors the spirit that drove the Russian workers and peasants forward in pursuit of their three objectives: Peace, Bread and Land. His vivid, picturesque style has an appropriate accompaniment in the ten Soviet posters, with their splotches of contrasted bright color and their pungent educational lessons, which are reproduced in the book.

The Russia which Mrs. Harrison visited in 1920 was quite different from Mr. Williams' Russia of 1918. Under the hammering of civil war and foreign invasion Soviet Russia had developed into a highly centralized state, with a well disciplined army, an extensive bureaucracy and a very active espionage system. Mrs. Harrison, having crossed the border without the permission of the Soviet authorities, soon ran afoul of the latter organization and spent more than half of her stay in Russia in prison. The tone of her book, however, is not embittered by this fact. She very frankly admits that her own conduct gave the Soviet government at least technical justification for arresting her. And bearing in mind that she is theoretically opposed to socialism and that her friends in Russia appear to have been drawn entirely from non-Communist circles, her narrative must be considered remarkably fair.

She criticizes the Soviet government for its application of what she regards as unworkable economic policies, for its harsh treatment of the former Russian middle class, for its practice of making wholesale arrests and holding people in prison on mere suspicion. On the other hand she gives it credit for the work which it has done, with its limited resources, in such fields as education, health and social welfare, and she believes that no other govern-

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ment is either practicable or desirable in Russia at the present time. With an excellent sense of perspective and of relative values, she creates a lively and informing picture of Moscow life, in jail and out of jail, during 1920 and 1921.

General Knox makes the impression of a thoroughly unimaginative military specialist. While able to put his finger on the many weak points in Russian military organization, to analyze the reasons for the disastrous defeats of the Russian armies on the eastern front, a development like a social revolution, which is not discussed in military staff colleges, leaves him floundering in perplexity and futile rage. Confronted with the irresistible disintegration of the Russian army in the summer of 1917, he can suggest no causes more fundamental than the propaganda of the Bolsheviki and the weakness of the Kerensky government. Had he possessed less knowledge of military strategy, and more knowledge of human nature, some connection, in his mind, might have been formed between the spectacle of Russian soldiers driven like sheep to the slaughter for lack of arms and equipment and the spectacle of the survivors of these soldiers refusing to fight in a war whose aims had never been satisfactorily explained to them.

It might have been anticipated that William Z. Foster would sympathize wholeheartedly with the Soviet government. The Communist dictatorship corresponds precisely with Foster's theory of the dominant rôle which the militant minority must play in any labor struggle. Since he sees the Russian Revolution as a gigantic strike against the capitalist world, and interprets many of its developments in terms of trade union tactics, his booklet is perhaps more interesting for its vigorous exposition and defense of the theory of proletarian dictatorship than for its historical material. Some of the subjects discussed in the book are treated hastily and superficially, and the author, in his desire to defend the Soviet régime against the attacks of its enemies, sometimes appears to confuse aspiration with fact.

There is little historical or psychological merit in M. Landau-Aldanov's venomous biographical dissection of Lenin. In the first place the author is careless in his choice of material, setting down gossipy anecdotes current in emigré circles, which would probably not stand any very searching tests of historical validity. Moreover, his sketch of Lenin as a doctrinaire bigot does not fit the man whose name is associated with all the most radical practical departures from strict communist theory. Lenin undoubtedly possesses the iron will of a Robespierre, but, as he demonstrated when he signed the Brest-Litovsk Peace and initiated the new economic policy, he is also endowed with the political realism and versatility of a Cromwell.

America has been unjust to Soviet Russia because of prejudice derived from propaganda and misinformation. America has been equally unjust to the Far Eastern Republic because of apathy based upon ignorance and lack of information. Even according to the strictest canons of our orthodox State Department, there seems to be no reason why the Far Eastern Republic should be excluded from the communion of respectable nations. The Constitution of the Republic recognizes the right of private property; its legislative assembly is elected on a basis of universal suffrage; its support comes from the great majority of the population of eastern Siberia, and opposition to it from only a handful of reactionaries, whose periodic raids and uprisings are stage-managed and financed from Japan.

Unfortunately these facts are not generally known in America. The Japanese delegation to the Washington Conference seems to have been successful in keeping Siberia out of the deliberations of the Conference and out of the newspaper headlines. The two pamphlets published by the Far Eastern delegation present the case against Japanese imperialism vigorously and effectively. They contain a large amount of interesting documentary material, including a number of notes sent by the Chita government to the Japanese government, protesting against various acts of Japanese aggression. They clear up a number of points in recent Siberian history which have been left obscure by the devious policies of the Tokio Foreign Office and by the lack of an adequate Siberian information service.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

Half-Portions

Pierre and Luce, by Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt and Co. $1.50.

A BOY and a girl in love, in Paris during the war, a love childishly passionate, unfulfilled, and overcast by skies of a pearly tender gray. A love of which this passage is perhaps the essence: ". . . turning back to the window, he pressed his lips against the closed pane. Their lips kissed through the wall of glass. Then Luce moved back into the shadows of the room and the curtain fell." Curious and at times difficult it is to realize that the man who steers these children through their intimate, enclosed little romance with such a brooding delicacy, with so loving and almost paternal a hand, also wrote the boisterous electric sunshine of Colas Breugnon and the hunger and the reality of Jean Christophe. In Pierre and Luce Rolland seems becalmed in some shadowy little eddy of the emotions, a vast and tiny universe where quiet waters spin about by themselves. Pity and affection rule him in this story, and in terms of pity and affection its two characters are almost entirely drawn. And so not much impression of them remains, except that they are young and innocent and unhappy, with a melancholy thirst for happiness, and that though too delicate to survive even being bruised, they were smashed in the end.

Loyal Citizenship, by Thomas Harrison Reed. Yonkers: World Book Company.

THIS book's purpose is "the training of pupils for citizenship." As such it contains much clear and reasonable exposition of the machinery of government, many interesting facts, many sensible truisms. While by a lucid competence in the blue-print manner it is thoroughly American, it is also thoroughly American in its philosophy, in its complete acceptance of things as they are, in its respect for the surface, its total silence about the fundamental follies and ill-health of our system, its summing up of "all of the citizen's duties in the one word *loyalty*," its diagnosis of poverty as being chiefly caused by sickness (under the chapter heading "Charity"). Obedience is the keyword of this text-book for sheep, and for them no doubt it is better than nothing. A book for the kind of person who wears

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truth-proof pink-glass spectacles, and whose name is Pollyananias. Typical of it is the picture of a ball player sliding for home, with the caption: "'Out!' The umpire's authority could not be questioned here." No echo of the cries from the insulted and injured of our country: "Kill the Umpire." A book in the same relation to real life as are the beautiful red and blue veined charts in a student's anatomy to real man, that "feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances."

Dvienadtsat (The Twelve), by Alexander Blok. Berlin: The Scythians. Translated by C. E. Bechhofer (London: Chatto and Windus); by Avrahm Yarmolinsky and Babette Deutsch (New York: The Freeman Pamphlets, B. W. Huebsch).

IT is strange that what is so far the best poem of the Russian Revolution should have come from this intellectual who before it had written subtle things, of a mystic, labyrinthine philosophy, lyrics of a world distilled and apart. For The Twelve is bare, direct, solid, a glorious patchwork of the bloody shreds of reality, flapping in snowstorm and dark wind. Here is the true revolutionary midnight, with its snatches of music, its boredom and recklessness, its crime, madness and uncertainty, its share of the blessing of God. A swinging metre of quick turns and sudden minors, and an almost colloquial style that defies translation. Brave are they indeed who try to melt such harmonies into a narrow mold of English. Mr. Bechhofer has given us a plain literal version that can do little more than whet our curiosity. Miss Deutsch and Mr. Yarmolinsky, more ambitiously, perhaps realizing that such a simple, vigorous dish of blood, salt and snow would in English seem a little tame to the palate, have spiced it with such unnatural cinnamon-flavored expressions as "trembly," "hulky," "fierce-fisted" and "pearly-bright," adding marginal notes à la Ancient Mariner in the same style. Can they be blamed if they give us only a notion of the windy strength of Blok's poem? The task was impossible. Those words are inviolable; they cannot be dissolved. There is something extraordinarily male, yet tender, in the jagged syllables of Russian poetry, that is peculiar to this language. It can pass from Alpine thunder, an Olympian barbed-wire of speech, to the most feathery softness, the crystal lightness of new snow.

The Road to the World, by Webb Waldron. New York: The Century Co. $1.90.

THIS is an unquerulous and perhaps an unintentional indictment of the process which Americans fondly misname education. The hero of the book goes through grammar and high school in small Michigan towns, arrives first at a fresh-water college, goes on to Ann Arbor, graduates, goes forth to teach, and at the end of the book lands jobless and without a compass in New York. You know he is going to get somewhere eventually, but you know it only because Stan or his prototype has written this book, and the book is an achievement. Stan moves on unexamined impulse; nowhere, in the 415 pages of the book, does he rationally choose a method of action: a notice in the paper and he applies for a scholarship at Compton College; stupidity in Compton, and he is off to a job in the beet-sugar factory; another wind of impulse carries him to Ann Arbor; a bad cough and advice at the University Hospital Clinic and he goes to teach in Colorado; he homesteads, he comes back to college—there are half-a-dozen more changes of heart and location before the book ends. He is shy with women; again and again he strikes out for the experience he needs only to retreat ignominiously before reality. And all this although he had, in the slang of his University, "taken Philosophy 1 to Baillie;" like hundreds of others he had sat awe-struck in that Mephistophelian presence, had frequented, undoubtedly, quiz-sections conducted by the lower saints of the philosophic heirarchy —and had gone out with a note-book full of Fichte, Hegel, Berkeley and the others, but not one single clue to living.

Mr. Waldron does not point morals like this, or ride a theory, or even suggest subtly any such application of his material. He has been interested in setting down a sensitive, intelligent boy with a distinct gift for writing. He has made a book alive with real characters, rather casually drawn, and so full of the American scene that it almost becomes the American panorama. Walter Hilgert, the father, is a complete and admirably comprehended character; more complete, in many respects, than the hero himself. The Road to the World is a good book, and well, though somewhat unevenly, written.

Little Rays of Moonshine, by A. P. Herbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

MR. HERBERT writes for Punch, and this little collection of some of his contributions is, in spirit, in the best Punch tradition, for the most part unforced, done with genuine lightness of touch, and with that sudden faint overshadowing by serious things which seems to belong more to English humorists than our own—Mr. Benchley excepted. The Art of Drawing is amusingly, and discouragingly, true of almost every one who has learned to sharpen a pencil and can recognize blotting paper when he sees it. The telephone has for so long been the butt of humorists that you are surprised to find Mr. Herbert, on the old theme of Wrong Numbers, extremely funny, with a crazy kind of unpremeditated foolishness that makes you laugh aloud again and again.

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